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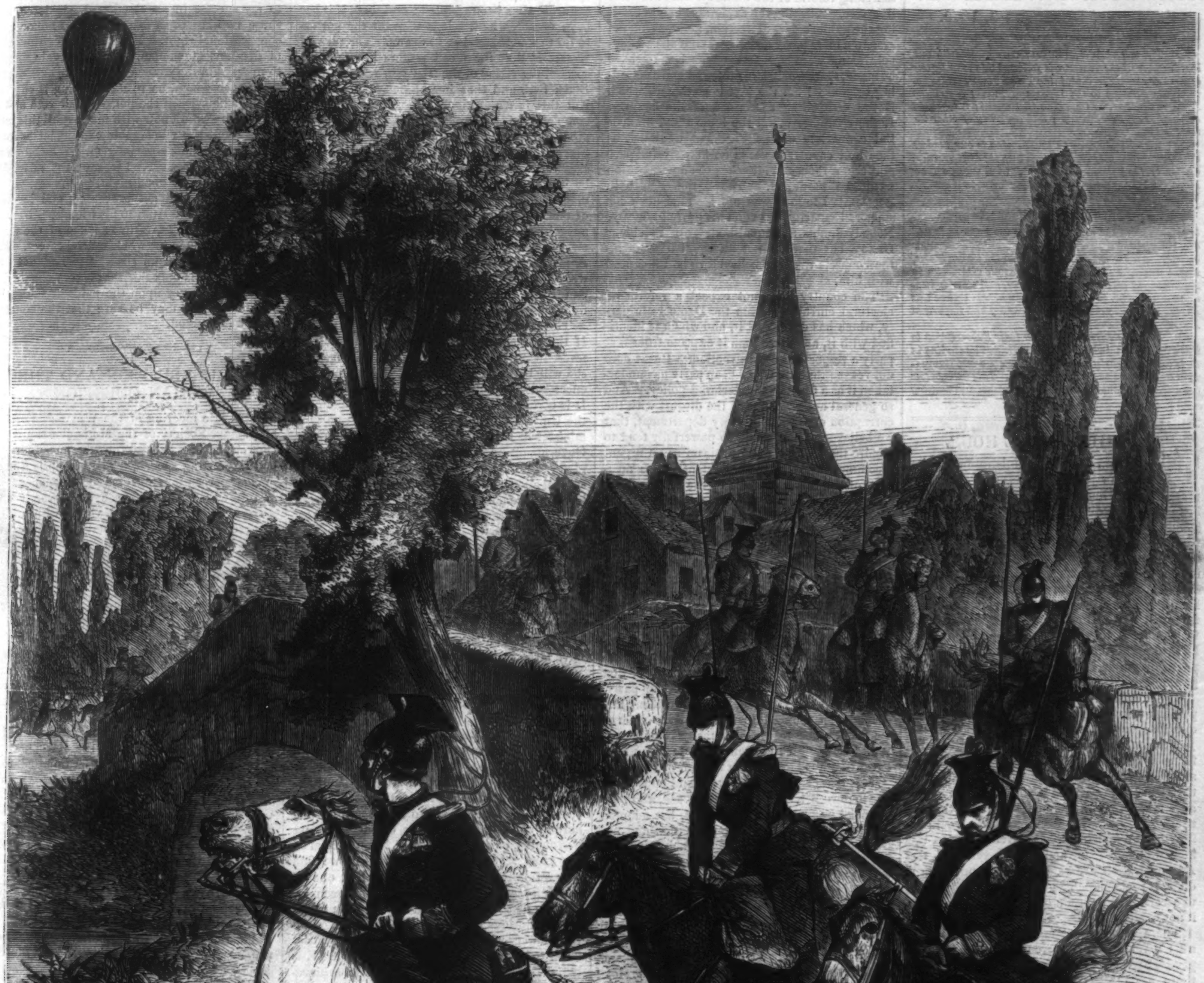

UHLANS TRACKING THE COURSE OF A BALLOON FROM PARIS.—[See Page 770.]

TRACKING A BALLOON.

The Prussians are naturally anxious to put a stop to the "balloon posts" which defy their attempts to isolate Paris from communication with the rest of France, and put in requisition every means for their capture. At the head-quarters of the German staff men are constantly on the look-out with telescopes, and the instant a balloon is descried rising over Paris notice is telegraphed throughout the camp; and parties of cavalry are dispatched in chase, in the hope of making a capture when it descends. They sometimes ride a long distance into the country in their eagerness, and even penetrate districts as yet unoccupied by the Prussians. The sketch on our first page represents one of these exciting pursuits, and reminds one forcibly of ancient hawking expeditions. Nor are those in camp idle meanwhile. All along the lines rockets, bombs, and rifle-balls are discharged at the aerial ship as long as it continues within range. It would be impossible, except by sheer luck, to hit so uncertain a target; and the two balloons thus far captured came down inside the Prussian lines.

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Saturday, December 3, 1870.

☞ *The splendid* War Supplement *given with our last Number of the* Weekly *is followed this week by one of similar character, containing* Two Full-Page Illustrations, *relating to the Defense of Paris; a striking Poem on the War, by Christina G. Rossetti; a touching Story of Irish Peasant Life; and a variety of other interesting literary matter.*

☞ *We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that arrangements have been made with the distinguished author of the* "Scientific Record," *in* Harper's New Monthly Magazine, *for a new Department in* Harper's Weekly, *to be entitled,*

Scientific Intelligence,

to commence in the next Number of the Paper. It will contain early notices of the most interesting movements throughout the world, but especially in the United States, in the way of Scientific Exploration, *discoveries in* Archæology *and* Natural History, *and other indications of scientific progress. The Publishers believe this Department will prove a very interesting and important feature in the* Weekly.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE criticism of the Administration by the Republican journals is naturally misinterpreted by the Democratic press. The Republican party contains the largest portion of the people who do not blindly follow leaders, and whose party allegiance, founded upon principle, is observant and discriminating. Those, therefore, who believe with us that, under the circumstances of the country, continued Republican ascendency is essential to the national welfare, will not hesitate to censure what seems to be unwise in the national Administration, knowing that the condition of continued Republican power is the approval of the intelligence of the people.

The present difficulty is the apathy of the Republican party. Its organization, as the late elections show, is virtually unbroken, and the just national suspicion of the Democratic party, founded upon its past history and its present attitude and spirit, is plainly undisturbed. But the Republican position is one of passive resistance merely, and its immense power in that attitude shows how great its real force would be if fully developed. That development is the immediate problem, and if Congress and the Administration are sagacious it is not even a difficult problem. The first step, of course, is to ascertain the reason of the apathy. And is it not evident?

There are a great many Republicans who ask: "What is the difference between the two parties? What principle divides them?" And there are others who declare that both are equally corrupt, and that the methods of the Republicans are little better than those of their adversaries. There are still others who, with the Chicago *Tribune*, insist that all the old questions are settled, and that there is really no present issue but what is called revenue reform. Those who ask the first question do not care to vote, or they vote indifferently as personal feeling dictates. Yet, if they would reason, they might be asked why, if the parties are divided by no principle, they might not be wisely divided by their general character and the doctrine of chances? But, practically, the man who feels that both parties are alike is utterly apathetic, and votes either way. The second class is of the same kind, and they both swell "the stay-at-home vote."

The third are merely allies of the Democracy, and they have yet to show their reasons for believing that a sincere revenue reform would be carried by that party. The Chicago *Tribune*, indeed, proposes to form a new party. But that is, possibly, only upon the theory that both of the present parties dissolve. And even supposing there were many Republicans who would follow that journal out of their party, does it suppose that in presence of Republican disintegration the Democratic party would disband? It certainly would not; and the *World*, therefore, says, not that there must be a new party, but that the Chicago *Tribune* and its friends must join the Democracy.

If, then, the cause of Republican apathy is the feeling that there is no serious difference between the parties, it is because that difference is obscured by Republican management, and the remedy lies in making the difference plain. The great peril of our political situation at this moment is corruption. Why spend efforts to elect a free-trade or a protective Congress when money will decide the contest? Why talk about the fruit upon the tree in the autumn when the roots are rotten in the spring? The first and most imperative duty of every American citizen, before any specific financial reform, is to stay the corruption, which will baffle any Administration, and which produces the apathy of which we speak. And what is the position of parties upon this point?

The national law to protect the purity of Congressional elections, against which the Democratic party threw its whole force, is a step in the true direction—a step taken by the Republican party. If that were followed by a radical, searching reform of the whole system of the civil service, abolishing the deplorable habit of selling the public offices at auction, and making the system a mere party machine, and if all chief appointments were conspicuously such as ought to be made, there would be a profound and astounding response from the better sentiment, which is the controlling sentiment, of the country. If the character of all the known and influential counselors of the President was such as the whole country honored for honesty and pure purpose, a thousand mistakes of administration would be pardoned. The national faith in Abraham Lincoln was not founded upon his supposed sagacity, but upon his proved honesty. Nobody doubts the equal honesty of President Grant, but there is not an equal trust of all the counsels that are believed to be influential with him.

The country does not expect a reform of electoral corruption from the Democratic party, which has developed it, and which is identified with it, any more than it expects from that party a respect for reconstruction. But it does not yet see that the Republican party has undertaken it as a distinct and declared policy. And so general and profound is the disgust with the corruption of politics in every department, that we believe nothing would so powerfully tend to inspire the party with enthusiasm as an urgent recommendation by the President in his message of a thorough reform of the civil service, and the utmost stringency of legislation for the security of the polls, with a practice showing how sincere is the Presidential conviction upon the subject. No passage in Mr. Mundella's recent address in New York was received with more hearty applause than his declaration that, although a member of Parliament for one of the largest constituencies in England, he had not the least influence in the appointment of the lowest officer of the customs. The President may confidently appeal to the better sentiment of the country, for it is the apathy of that sentiment which is the danger of the party. And when once the Republican President had strongly pronounced for civil service reform, we should like to see how many Republicans would desert to the Democratic party under cover of a hope of revenue reform.

It is not, certainly, that we would oppose the one to the other. As we said last week, a simpler financial system must be adopted, but adopted with reference to the actual situation and necessities of the country. Upon such principles let us have revenue reform within the Republican party, and if it be impracticable to obtain all that some Republicans may wish, shall the party therefore be destroyed? It is undoubtedly a right of man to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. But there are a great many other rights and principles to be considered in the government of society. To protect other rights which may seem to him more valuable, a man will wisely decide sometimes to buy in a dearer and to sell in a cheaper market. And to bring into power the Democratic party, with its present spirit, leadership, and purpose, because it vaguely promises revenue reform, would be the deliberate betrayal of the country.

THE RUSSIAN NOTE.

The position taken by Russia in regard to the treaty of 1856 is clearly stated and refuted in the letter of Lord Granville. The Russian claim is, that when any power which is a party to a joint treaty of several powers conceives that any part of the treaty has been violated, it may, without consultation with its co-signers, announce its withdrawal from the compact. This is, as Lord Granville says, "the entire destruction of treaties in their essence," because in a joint treaty each power surrenders a portion of its free agency. Obviously, if any signer is dissatisfied, it should call attention to the difficulty; and if the other signers are unable to remove it, or deny its existence, the injured party must seek his own remedy. This is of course because no state can be supposed to compromise its sovereignty. The objection raised by Lord Granville is not an assertion that a power is absolutely bound by a joint treaty if the co-signers do not release it, but that it owes to comity a less peremptory course than Russia has chosen to pursue. Indeed, there is a strong presumption against such action as the Russian, because it implies a doubt whether its objections to the treaty are so evident as to command assent. Indirection is always suspicious. And in the condition of Europe the suspicion that Russia has some ulterior purpose is unavoidable.

What the result may be it is not easy to foresee. A general European war would be a calamity so deplorable that the good sense of every country will hope and labor to the last that it may be avoided. It is true enough that progress is usually made through blood. It is certainly true that there is immense suffering and injustice among the people of Europe. But it is not the less true that war is an evil so enormous, and a means so terrible, that it is often questionable whether the advantage gained compensates for it; and it is the highest of duties to array public opinion against an unjust or unnecessary war. There are two questions raised by the Russian circular. The first is, whether the treaty has been violated; and then, if it has been or not, whether it is wise for the powers to go to war if Russia withdraws. The plea of Russia is that the naval powers have not respected the terms of the treaty in regard to the Black Sea, and that her shores are exposed. But this is a question of fact, which, like her complaint of the situation of the Danubian provinces, should be referred to the co-signers. Since it has not been so referred, shall the co-signers go to war? Certainly war could not be justified until every other means of adjustment had been exhausted. The public opinion of the world, to which Bismarck so constantly appeals, should be invoked against any power or alliance which precipitately takes up arms. A nation which begins war so wholly in the wrong as France was when the present war began is at a fearful disadvantage, as France has found.

The situation in Europe is evidently critical. If there is a war we shall have an indirect interest in it; for, as England must be engaged, she will be more disposed to settle the differences between us without much further delay. It is certainly desirable that at such a moment the United States should have a firm and able minister in London; and that the policy of the Government upon the main question with England should be known to the country. It is a subject upon which the State Department should have the support of public sentiment, that the British Government and people should know precisely what we do demand and expect—a point upon which they declare that we do not inform them. The extreme mystery which formerly enveloped diplomatic negotiations may wisely be disregarded. But in all our claims and arguments let us be very careful not to plant ourselves upon precedents which we decry, nor be content with a conduct which we have already denounced in other nations.

ODIOUS PERSONALITIES.

When the election in New York was over Governor Hoffman made a speech. It was a celebration of the wise and beneficent acts of the Democratic Legislature, a fierce denunciation of the Congressional laws to protect honest elections, an exhortation to universal love and harmony, and a deprecation of the excessive personality of the campaign. In the recital of the great services of the Legislature we find congratulations that the registry law, one of the defenses of honest elections, has been repealed; but we do not find any allusion to the most notorious of all the acts of the Legislature, an act which became law only by the signature of the congratulating Governor—the Erie bill. But as that is the especial official achievement of Governor Hoffman, he possibly felt unwilling to sound his own praise. Let us, therefore, imagine how he might have alluded to it, had not modesty forbade:

"You are aware, gentlemen, that I was made Governor by my friend Mr. Tweed, and his associates, and by means of the frauds of 1868, which I shall presently call 'a cry,' but which were proved by the committee appointed by Congress. You will easily believe that I was, therefore, in a delicate situation toward my honest friend Mr. Tweed, who is a director of the celebrated Erie Railway, and a friend of the honest Mr. Fisk, a gentleman who, at Mr. Tweed's ratification meeting, entirely eclipsed our venerable and superannuated friend and candidate of '68, Mr. Horatio Seymour, for whose memory I invoke three cheers from your honest Jacksonian lungs. I beg you to remember, gentlemen, that my friend Mr. Tweed controls Tammany Hall, and my friend Mr. Fisk controls, as he distinctly stated, twenty-five thousand voters. Now, if I wish to succeed my excellent and superannuated friend, Mr. Seymour, as a candidate for the Presidency in 1872, is it surprising? Having proved the power of Mr. Tweed at the polls, is it not natural that I should depend upon him for assistance; and when that patriot and his honest friend Mr. Fisk said to me that they wanted to control the property of other people for three years longer than the term for which they had been appointed, should I not have been a fool to forfeit their favor by refusing my assent?

"It is true that the Governor is intrusted with the veto power for exactly such an exigency. It is true that the bill was the most wanton overthrow of the most sacred rights of property. It is true that it gave modest owners of the stock helplessly into the hands of certain men. But, gentlemen, every body knows the character of those men. Every body knows that they would be instinctively selected from the whole community for positions of trust and responsibility. And more than that, gentlemen, every body knows that I wish to be a candidate in 1872, and that I should never have been heard of again if I had not signed the bill. I trust, therefore, that this great and honorable act of mine will not be forgotten by you, nor by the country, and that we shall hear no more of these odious personalities about candidates. Of course, if my friend Mr. Tweed and his associates think that a liberal distribution of the most wretched libels upon a competitor, as well as a 'good count,' is necessary to my success in an election, I acquiesce, because nothing is so dear to me as honor and constitutional right. But I trust, for the sake of decency, that nobody will ever again allude to my part in the passage of the Erie bill. Gentlemen, to whom, as to me, nothing is so precious as honesty at the polls—a fair vote and a fair count—who know with me that all this talk about fraud is a vile Republican lie, let us love our brethren, and, especially, forget the late war and all its lessons. And so, my honest friends, I wish you a very good-night."

If modesty had not prevented, and he had wished to tell the truth to his friends, Governor Hoffman might have thus spoken of the most conspicuous act in his whole official career. But since he shrunk from the effort—and not unnaturally—it is only fair that others should instruct the country upon the subject. And he and his friends may be sure that the country will be instructed.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE WOMAN QUESTION.

At a late meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church Bishop Simpson made an admirable and interesting speech. The bishop is a man of clear perceptions and of moral independence; and it was pleasant to see how sweetly and temperately he expressed views with which many of his hearers might not sympathize, but which were very decided and mature upon his part. Like every clergyman, his experience has shown him the peculiar difficulties of the position of women in our social system; and not by any fault, but from the force of tradition, and through thoughtlessness, they are apt to fall into the position of drudges or of dolls. There has been, as was natural, a deep protest in the minds of the best men and women, and the movement for an enlarged female education, which began in England more than half a century ago, was the first striking sign of it. Sydney Smith, one of the most conservative of men, warmly advocated the reform, carefully stating the limits which he imposed upon it. "I stand in doubt of any thing that comes up suddenly," says Bishop Simpson; "but God has been inclining the hearts of the community to educate their daughters; so the common schools have been opened, and the doors of colleges have been opened, to admit young women, and they are going to compete with their brothers; and God is evidently intending that women shall do more than they have done in the past."

Yet the hostility to the better education of women was as bitter, and supported by the same arguments, as that which every demand of women for an equal opportunity always encounters. Napoleon's phrase, *La carrière ouvert aux talents*—or, the tools to those who can use them—is the motto of the progress of thought and civilization. That a human being shall not be forbidden to do whatever innocent thing God, by taste, or talent, or evident fitness, calls him to do, is a proposition which will hardly be disputed. But an application of the principle to practice in certain directions is always stoutly resisted. Dean Swift gravely states the reasons why women should not be taught. His words are full of mockery, but they are substantially the arguments which were seriously urged and controverted by Sydney Smith. But how the excellent canon would have suddenly turned off a period of polished contempt at the Methodist dissenters, whom he never spared, if he had heard Bishop Simpson saying, "Certainly, Mr. Smith, I agree with you, and upon your own grounds, and therefore"—in the words of his speech the other evening—"for more than a score of years I have believed the opinions I express. I did not think the full reformation of society would come until woman received the ballot."

The bishop, however, carefully excuses himself from all responsibility for other opinions of some who believe with him. He thinks that woman "steps out of her sphere" when she contends for the overthrow of institutions that give stability to society. "I have no sympathy with woman when she says that the Bible is unnecessary, or when desiring to lessen the marriage tie." The speech is very interesting and significant as showing how widely and surely the conviction which the bishop expresses is extending. The follies of many of the advocates of every reform are deprecated more sincerely by its friends than by any one else; and not the least of the practical perplexities of every movement is the disposition to insist upon individual vagaries as the essential elements of the faith. There were a great many people thirty years ago who seriously thought that the anti-slavery movement was only a desperate attempt of a few long-haired and large-collared eccentrics to make themselves notorious. And certainly there is nothing more exquisitely comical than many of the incidents of those days. But those who, somewhat earlier, in England, thought that Puritanism was only canting through the nose, were quite as ridiculous as any Zeal-in-the-land Busy. Will the good sense of the next century smile in the same way at those of to-day who think that the bishop wastes his sympathy upon a few weak, restless women craving notoriety?

THE KING OF SPAIN.

The disturbance of the old order in Europe is shown by nothing more plainly than the election of a king of Spain. The representatives chosen by universal suffrage select an Italian prince to take the place of the banished queen, without the least regard to kinship, and seeking only a royal descent. In the days when monarchy really flourished, and kings were not popularly supposed to be mere ceremonies, when a revolution displaced the reigning prince his successor was sought in the family line. The true Tory requires that the regal descent shall be as unbroken as the priestly, and that the monarch of to-day shall have the blood of the monarch of centuries ago flowing in his veins. When James the Second was expelled from England, and the "glorious revolution" was accomplished, it was the husband of his daughter who was called to his throne. But the Duke of Aosta is as much a stranger to Spain as Maximilian was to Mexico. He is elected because it is decided that Spain must be monarchical, while it is essential that no feuds be perpetuated by preferring any Spanish line.

The situation in Spain is certainly remarkable. The revolution that overthrew the old monarchy and exiled the queen, two years ago, was peaceful. The country was at the lowest moral and political point. The shames of the court were notorious. The people were almost wholly under priestly control, and the system of government was so rotten that it fell without even a struggle or a word. The task of those who had led the revolution was incalculably vast. But they maintained order, and appealed to the people. The people freely elected a congress which has had fiery debates, but which appointed a regency that has also maintained itself. After constant regal candidacies and intrigues of every kind, a king has been elected. Of the 334 deputies to the Cortes entitled to vote, 311 voted, and the Duke of Aosta received 191 votes, the republic 60, and the rest were divided among five candidates, the highest number being 27 for the Duke of Montpensier. It is certainly creditable to the authorities that they have kept the country tranquil, and that an election, evidently free, has resulted in a decisive vote. The most threatening peril was anarchy, and that seems, thus far at least, to be avoided. But when a country is in the condition of Spain, nothing can be foreseen. Should nothing prevent the coronation of the young king, and the beginning of his reign, Prim and his friends will undoubtedly reappear as ministers, and exercise, under more stable forms, the authority which they have held for two years.

There is one point upon which Spain and civilization are to be congratulated, and that is that the ecclesiastical control of the country will probably be relaxed. Indeed, under all the agitation upon the continent of Europe, there is a very visible tendency toward emancipation from the ecclesiastical tyranny. In France, under Louis Napoleon, it was becoming heavier and heavier. In Belgium, just before the beginning of the war, the liberal Catholics had been beaten by the priestly party, and a total reaction was imminent. The fall of the French empire was a partial release of Belgium from the sad consequences of this success, and the moral support of the ecclesiastical reaction has been overthrown. Meanwhile the Papal temporal authority is destroyed in Italy, and the great truth is emphasized by events, that nothing is so disastrous to human progress and the development of civilization as the political supremacy of the ecclesiastical body. It is a truth which we can observe in this country by the absence of that supremacy hitherto. If our progress has been prodigious and beneficent, it is because it has been free from the interference of the spirit which has so long degraded Europe. And we have a right to hope for better days for Spain, when we see that it is being emancipated from that debasing influence.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

In his admirable address at the Cooper Institute Mr. Mundella praised very warmly much that he had seen in this country; but he made some valuable criticisms. Thus he said that in general our system of education was the best in the world, but that it needed one thing to make it perfect, and that is, that education should be made compulsory. This remark was received with applause by the audience, and it is one to which the people of the country must soon be accustomed. The coincidence of the universal Prussian education, and the amazing advance of Prussia to the leadership of Europe, is too significant not to be remarked. The fact that in this country electoral corruption is most prevalent among the most ignorant class is one that suggests to us the remedy. Indeed, the chief reliance of American liberty is an intelligent public opinion, and that is impossible without education. To maintain that opinion, and constantly to elevate it, the State must not only provide education for every child, but it must insist that every child be educated.

There is one danger in this direction to which we have often called attention, and that is the resolution of one of the religious sects of the country to break up our present system of public schools, with the intention of throwing it under ecclesiastical control. Nothing could be so fatal to the country as such a policy; but it will be steadily pursued, and not without chances of success. It is a design frankly proclaimed and defended. Its advocates declare that they wish only that each sect should have its share of the school money, because education should be religious, by which they mean ecclesiastical. Now, to resist this school policy, we must have an enlightened public opinion. But we can not have it if the people are ignorant, or if the schools are suffered to become sectarian or ecclesiastical. Moreover, as the Protestant sects can never be so closely bound for common action as the Roman Catholics are—as they are divided by a thousand theological differences—the way in which not only the school system, but the principle and spirit from which that system springs, can best be maintained, is by the same enlightened opinion.

The condition of that enlightened opinion, which is the true American conservatism, is education; and it is the highest duty, therefore, to insist that the people shall be educated. Look at the Prussia of to-day, and at that of the father of Frederick the Great. They are both called despotisms. But the vital difference between them is that to-day there is a public opinion, while then there was none. And to that opinion every thing is really referred. Bismarck is a Tory of the blue blood. But he comprehends the spirit of his age so well that he constantly refers to that final tribunal. It is a painful fact—and one that should be startling to the degree of inspiring a national resolution that it shall cease to be a fact—that we are no longer the most generally educated people in the world. The statistics prepared and published by the Bureau of Education show some very disagreeable facts upon this subject. And among the grave labors to which Congress should devote itself this is certainly one of the chief—to devise some method of compelling every State to do its duty to the citizens of the Union by making the most ample educational provision; while in each State where this provision is already made, as in New York, the duty of compelling every child to take advantage of it should be stringently inculcated.

"I should be uncandid," said Mr. Mundella, "if I did not frankly tell you that North Germany and Switzerland excel you in the thoroughness and universality of their systems, and this, I believe, is entirely owing to the fact that in those countries the parent has not the right to deprive the child of the excellent training which the state has provided. When the parent fails in his duty the state stands in *loco parentis*; and this is what you chiefly need to perfect your educational system."

TOURS NEWS.

If very large headings were history, the Germans would seem to be in mortal peril in France. It must be the same genius which described with elaborate detail the triumphant escape of Marshal Bazaine from Metz who now informs us that Moltke is frightened, that Bismarck is astonished, that every body who understands the German position is in great alarm, and that the unhappy King William would hurry back to Berlin if he could; but, as an escort sufficiently large can not be spared, he must stay in France and await his doom. This is the Tours style of news. It is the growth of the same spirit and good sense which in Paris first called the story of the surrender of Metz a lie, and when it was established denounced it as treason. The German army is not conquered, nor is the moral tone of France restored, because a superior force of the French has beaten a German force. The French success at Orleans seemed greater because of the uninterrupted series of German triumphs. But the dispatch from Versailles which admitted the victory of the French, but stated it somewhat more moderately, seemed, like all the German official accounts, to be true, which can not be said of the French reports, which always seem to be inspired by Gambetta.

Indeed, in considering the situation in France, it is impossible not to feel more and more deeply the terrible demoralization which was wrought by the empire. The republic was proclaimed on the 1st of September. M. Gambetta constantly assures us that the republic is invincible. We are invited by many eloquent appeals to sympathize with the French republic. What is the French republic? Where is it? There is a Committee of Defense, which, with great propriety, and from the necessity of the case, has assumed the power of the Government. But a few French gentlemen are not a French republic. There has been no appeal to the people, no ratification by the people. The French cities would undoubtedly give large majorities for the republic. But the mass of the rural population, led by the priests, would probably pronounce as strongly against it. It is a needless confusion to speak of a self-appointed committee as a republic because they end all their proclamations with a *vive la republique*. We are not censuring them. They did the best that the situation allowed. But it is undoubtedly an error to suppose that France is republican.

It was the policy of Louis Napoleon to depend upon the rural population of France, and to keep it as ignorant as possible by putting education into the hands of the priests. His Minister of Education, Duruy, made valuable reports and excellent suggestions. His array of statistics was most interesting and imposing. But while there was a great apparent activity in that direction, what may be called free education steadily declined. Indeed, the disintegration of the nation, which is shown upon every hand, is revealed also by the decline of the higher cosmopolitan schools. France was no longer the university of the world. The young surgeons and physicians from other countries go to Vienna, and have gone there for ten years. The chemists studied at Giessen and Berlin. The art of France had become material, and elaborately mechanical. Its music was Offenbach's—fit music for the society it entertained. In every department France declined under the empire, but how sadly only the catastrophe revealed.

At this moment it is doubtful whether the wisest and most truly patriotic Frenchmen are not the Orleanists. But the services of its leaders were declined by the Committee of Defense. Meanwhile the demoralization of the empire has been so terrible, and the tone of the present authorities is so hollow and rhetorical, that the future of the unhappy country is lost in the deepest gloom. Even if a great reverse should occur, and the Germans be driven from the country, it is impossible to foretell to whose advantage the victory would be turned.

NOTES.

We are glad to learn that the fair now in progress in the armory, corner of Thirty-sixth Street and Broadway, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of French soldiers wounded in the present war, promises to be no less successful than the fair held recently by the Germans. It has been well attended every day since the opening, and the tasteful and attractive display of articles for sale has induced a very liberal outlay on the part of the visitors. At a time when the whole of Europe appears to be preparing for war, these efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded are encouraging to the friends of humanity. Americans are the friends of both nations now at war, and contribute with equal liberality to the relief of French and Germans.

Paul Konewka, whose magnificent silhouette illustrations to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" are well known to our readers, has lately employed his extraordinary talents in a new field—that of illustrating children's books. His pictures for a little volume called "Puck's Nightly Pranks," published by Roberts Brothers, are both graceful and amusing, and will give quite as much pleasure to "children of a larger growth" as to the inmates of the nursery.

"Mother Goose in her New Dress" is the title of a very attractive edition of the popular old nursery rhymes, illustrated by a daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States. The book was originally prepared as a birthday present to the distinguished statesman and jurist, with no idea of publication; but the young and gifted artist was happily persuaded to allow the public, through Messrs. Porter & Coates, to share the pleasure which was intended only for intimate friends. The drawings show a delicate fancy and happy sense of humor.

Freedom of the press, as understood in England and America, makes slow progress in continental Europe. Even so enlightened a statesman as Count Bismarck has so little conception of it that he falls into the mistake of remonstrating with the Belgian Government for allowing Belgian editors to comment unfavorably on Prussian affairs. It is not surprising that some of the Southern German states, where the press is comparatively free, hesitate to accede to Prussia's demand that in the United German Empire legislation regarding newspapers and public meetings should belong to the Imperial Parliament.

During the last war between France and Austria the German clergy preached a crusade against French fashions—crinoline coming in for the larger share of their denunciations. This year the anti-French sentiment breaks out in a petition on the part of the Berlin clergy for the prohibition of Offenbach's operettas and the French dances.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The French victory over the army of General Von Der Tann appears to have been less important than was at first reported, the only real advantage gained by the former being the recapture of Orleans. King William has telegraphed to Queen Augusta that on the 17th of November the combined forces of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and General Von Der Tann defeated the French near Dreux. The town itself was captured and occupied by the Prussians. The latest dispatches from Tours (always to be taken with many grains of allowance) state that the Duke of Mecklenburg and General Von Der Tann are falling back, while the French are advancing, and threaten to outflank both. The same dispatch says it is thought General Manteuffel will march to the Loire. According to a Rouen dispatch a German attack on Evreux, about forty miles south of Rouen, was repulsed. There has been a good deal of activity in the operations in the North, but no decisive engagement has been fought. The bombardment of Montmédy is now confined to the fortress by the Prussians. On Wednesday, November 16, a sortie was made from the besieged place by two companies of the Garde Mobile, and every one was either killed or taken prisoners.

Letters from Tours state that the country responds with alacrity to the order to supply cannon, and all the unoccupied districts are actively engaged in preparing war material. In Bordeaux and Nantes mitrailleuses only are made. Prussian dispatches containing valuable information were found at Orleans by the French.

It is reported that England has renewed her proposal for an armistice, based on a pecuniary war compensation, the razing of the frontier fortresses, and the neutralization of Alsace and Lorraine, the great powers guaranteeing the fulfillment of these conditions by any future French government. It is further understood that the provisional government opposes this.

Contradictory reports are received concerning the condition of the German troops before Paris. On one hand they are said to be dying by thousands of sickness produced by exposure and the hardships of camp life; on the other they are said to be in excellent health and spirits, and not at all anxious for the war to end.

A NEW COMPLICATION.

The situation in Europe has suddenly and unexpectedly received a new complication by a demand on the part of Russia for the abrogation of the treaty of 1856. The Russian circular, which is dated October 31, after setting forth the successive alterations and violations of European treaties, and among them the points in which the treaty of 1856 has been violated, declares that Russia is unable to see why she should observe the latter when it has been disregarded by others, and accordingly disowns the obligation to limit the enjoyment of the Black Sea, and invites Turkey to an equal participation in the privileges claimed. The circular denies any intention to revive the "Eastern Question," and says Russia only desires increased defensive strength. A substitute has been prepared by the Russian government, arranging the question at issue on an equitable basis.

To this circular Earl Granville replied in a note, addressed to the British embassador at St. Petersburg, in which he reviewed the complaint made by Russia that the treaty has been violated to her prejudice, and closed by saying that it was impossible for the British government to give any sanction to the course announced by Prince Gortschakoff. The views of Earl Granville are shared in by Austria and France, each of which has sent a reply substantially the same, and will adopt the same policy. Russia has replied to Earl Granville's note in a conciliatory tone, but remains firm in the position originally adopted. She denies that the movements of the Principalities in contravention of the treaty of Paris enured to her advantage; declares that a congress is impracticable in the present state of the principal European powers; disclaims any hostile intentions or desire to disregard any of the provisions of the treaty of Paris but those which are generally admitted to be unjust and oppressive against her; and repeats her intention to act upon the previous notification in regard to the Black Sea.

A British naval squadron is to be stationed in the Mediterranean to observe Russian movements. A Russian fleet of sixty iron-clad gun-boats is said to be already in the Black Sea.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, was elected King of Spain by the Cortes on the 17th of November. The proclamation of the result of the election was not followed by any of the anticipated disturbances, and the military precautions were found to be unnecessary.

The Belgian government has replied to the German complaints of the tone of Belgian journals, that the press of the country is constitutionally free.

A British gun-boat is to be stationed at New Chany, China, during the winter. Affairs at Tien-tsin are still in an unsatisfactory condition. Minister Low advises the missionaries to go to Teuchow, and guarantees their safety there. The Protestant chapel at Falstein has been destroyed, but there was no violence done to persons.

The visit of Mr. Seward to Japan is described as the event of last month. The first interview ever accorded to a private individual by the Mikado was granted to Mr. Seward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The forthcoming report of the Postmaster-General of the United States will show that the total number of letters exchanged with foreign countries during the year was 18,359,378 (an increase of 2,859,378 or 18 44-100 per cent. over 1869), of which 9,754,152 were sent, and 8,605,226 were received. The total postages of letter mails exchanged were $1,964,564, or $50,618 less than the previous year, owing to the decreased rates to Great Britain and other countries from January 1, 1870. The cost of the ocean mail service, including special subsidies, was $1,107,376. Twelve postal conventions were made during the year, in all of which reduced rates of postage were agreed upon.

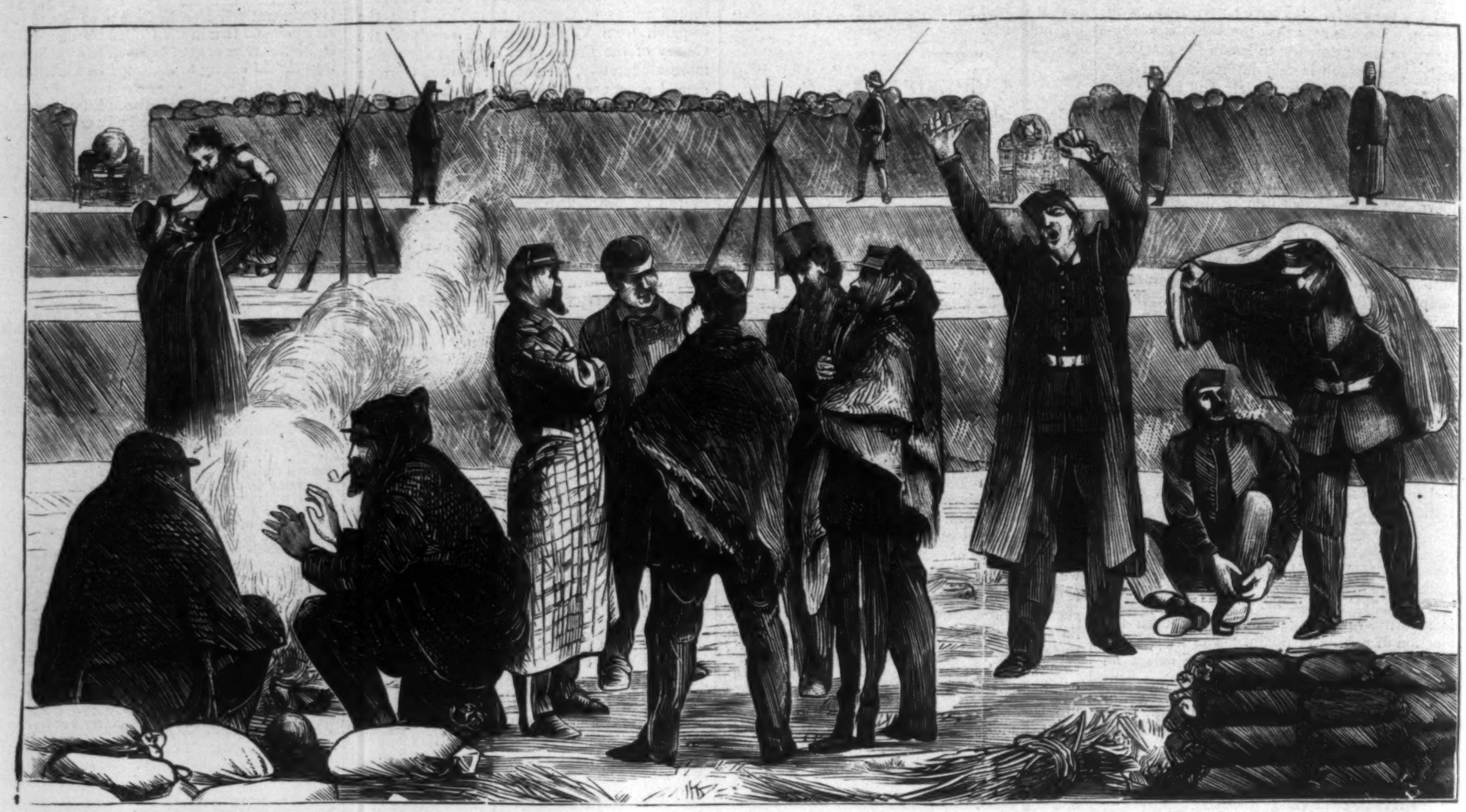
The regular monthly report from the Bureau of Statistics, now in press, presents, among other interesting features, a table showing the immigration into the United States each year for the past fifty-one years.

During the late hurricane in the West Indies several vessels were wrecked on the Salt Bank, Bahamas, of which the crews and cargoes were totally lost, no one surviving to tell the tale of disaster.

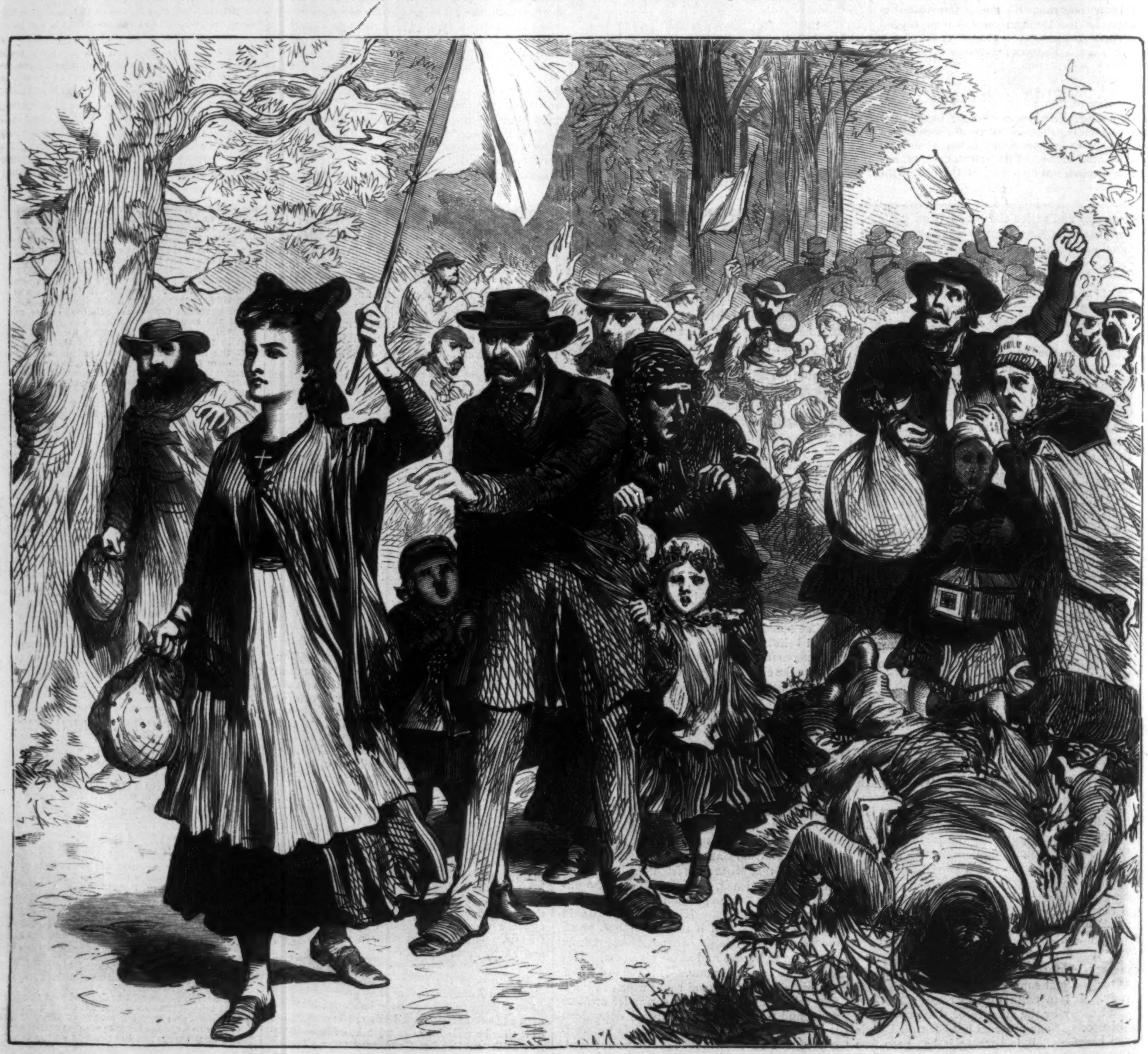
The Republican majority at the late election in Louisiana was 30,000, and the full delegation of Republican Congressmen was elected.

The Solicitor-General has decided that the proprietors of vessels running along the coast or on the inland waters, and carrying money or other valuables, are liable to a special tax like express carriers.

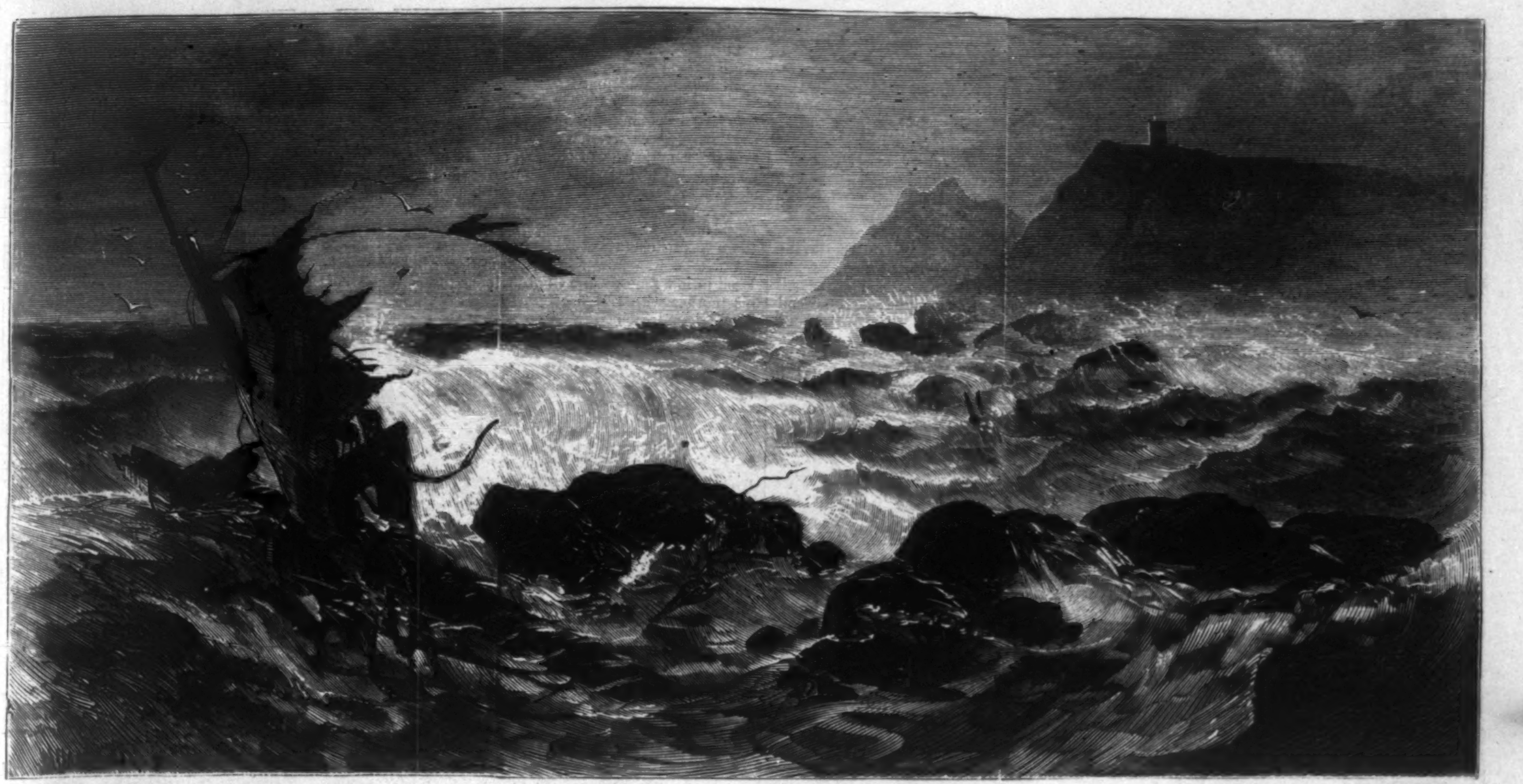
The total amount of the receipts and expenditures of the United States government for all purposes, from its organization, March 4, 1789, to June 30, 1870, was $11,673,167,160 38.



THE PARIS RAMPARTS—TURNING OUT FOR DUTY.—[See Page 779.]



NON-COMBATANTS TRYING TO LEAVE METZ.—[See Page 779.]



THE COAST OF DONEGAL—SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE "CAMBRIA."

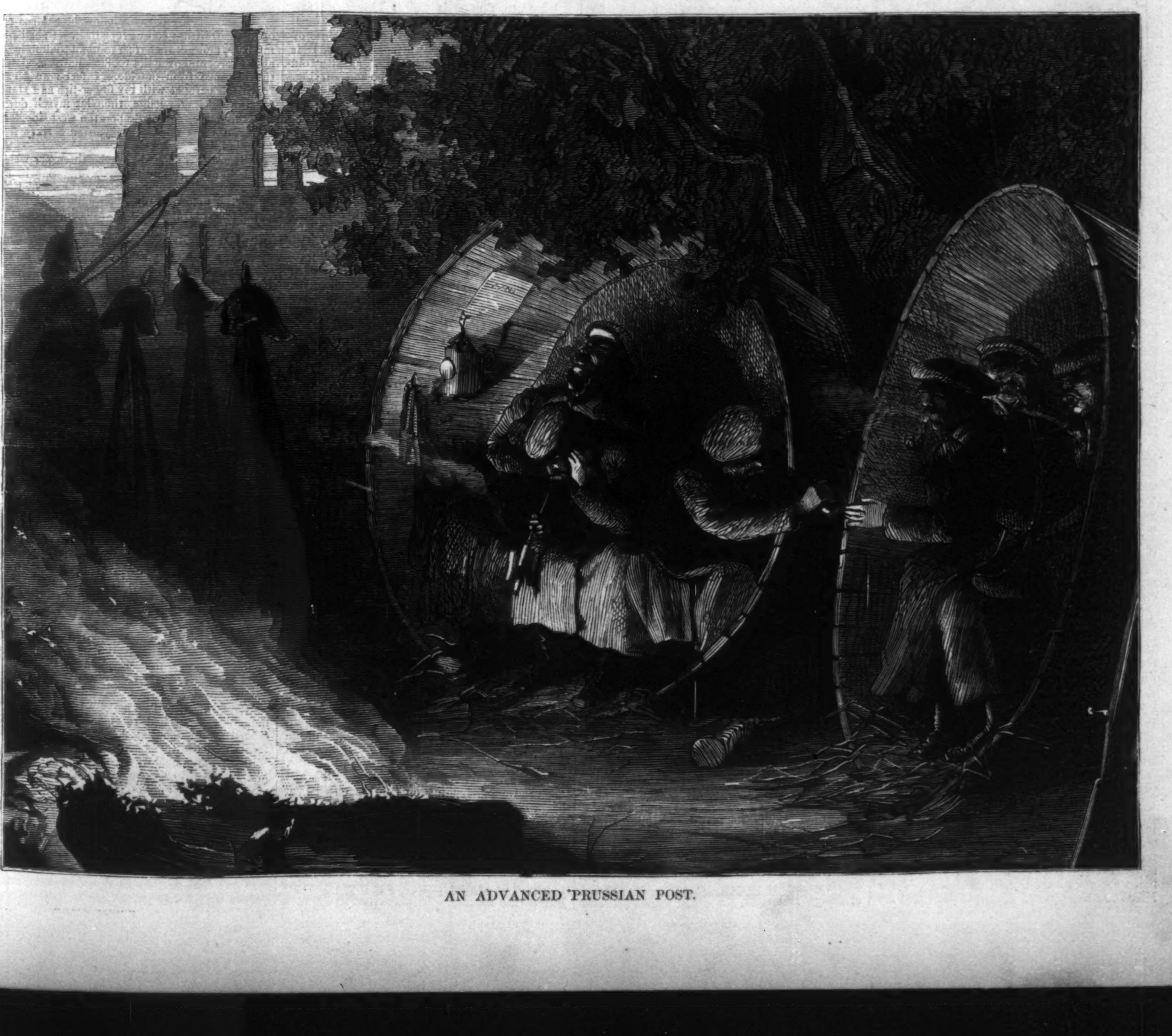
THE DONEGAL COAST.

IT is probable that we now know all we ever shall know concerning the loss of the steamship *Cambria* on the Donegal coast, whose rugged and dangerous character is shown in the sketch on this page. The one witness who survived the wreck was in his berth when the vessel struck, and can only speak to what took place afterward—of the lowering of the four boats, the overturning of that in which he had obtained a place, his half-unconscious clinging to the gunwale, the finding the dead body of a woman under the seats, and his weary hours of drifting until his final rescue. Bits of wreck, casks, and dead bodies washed on shore tell the rest of the tale, and whether the disaster was unavoidable or due to neglect is left to conjecture; but, in justice to the captain, it should be added that he had already given ample proofs of seamanship. In a former voyage his screw shaft had broken, and it was necessary to secure the loose screw, which was banging against the stern, and threatening to beat a hole in the vessel. Slung by ropes, the captain superintended this difficult operation, a gale blowing at the time, and brought his vessel into port in safety. He was less fortunate this time, but the known danger of the coast and the violence of the weather are sufficient to account for the sad catastrophe.

This Donegal coast is rugged and rocky, with jutting headlands and dangerous islands. Inistrahull Island, where the *Cambria* struck and went down, is a dangerous spot, and is marked with a light to warn mariners to give it a wide berth. Glen Head Point, not far distant, is another ugly place. It was here the *Sydney* lately foundered, nineteen out of a crew of twenty-one being drowned. The cliff here is about 800 feet in height, and right and left, as far as the eye can reach, from Sligo on the one hand to the Bloody Foreland on the other, stretches the long line of stern, picturesque, cruel rocks. A few miles south of this point is another headland, the "Sliabh Liag," or Mountain of Flags, rising sheer up from the sea a height of 1972 feet. The position as well as the character of this coast makes it extremely dangerous for vessels from America.

A PRUSSIAN OUTPOST.

THE picturesque engraving below shows how the Prussians contrive to make themselves comfortable in France. A party of jolly fellows, having emptied a number of large wine-vats—we may take it for granted that the contents were not wasted—cut them in two and used them as guard-houses. The effect at night, as shown in the illustration, was most singular and striking. The ruddy glare of the bivouac fires illuminating these curious extemporized shelters, and the stacked muskets, with the spiked helmets hung upon them, made an effect that would delight a painter's heart. One almost envies these jolly comrades their picturesque and comfortable shelter.



AN ADVANCED PRUSSIAN POST.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows, with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WITCHERY.

Carew of Crompton was really dead, as men said, "at last," not that he had been long dying, or was an old man, but that he had eventually succumbed to one of those deadly risks to which he had so often voluntarily exposed himself. On the occasion which had been fatal to him he had started from home one frosty morning at the gallop, with a cigar in his mouth, the reins on his horse's neck, and both his hands in his pockets, and had been pitched off and broken his neck within half a mile of his own door. His chaplain, who had dispatched the news to Mrs. Basil, had been riding by his side at the very moment. "He was a good friend to me," was the laconic remark that poor Parson Whymper had added to the bare intelligence.

To judge by the regretful excitement in the Midlands, Carew might have been a good friend to every body. The news was at once telegraphed to town, and appeared in the evening papers. The public interest in his mad freaks had of late years grown somewhat faint—his extravagances were, perforce, on a less splendid scale—but his death revived it. "So that mad Carew has killed himself, after all," was the observation frequently overheard that evening, as acquaintance met acquaintance on their homeward way from business. "Well, he's had his whack of most things," was the reply of the philosophers; "He has not left much to tempt his heirs to be extravagant, I reckon," of the cynics. "He was a deuced good fellow at bottom, I believe," remarked those who were secretly desirous of earning the same eulogium for themselves; "He was altogether wrong at top," answered the charitable.

Solomon Coe came home to his new abode in such a state of elation that it even made him communicative to his wife. Mrs. Basil happened to be with her in the drawing-room, but he only acknowledged her presence by a hasty nod. "Well, what d'ye think, Carew of Crompton, that was your father's landlord and mine"—Solomon never said "ours" with reference to property—"has broken his neck at last!"

Of course the very name of Carew was a sore subject between man and wife, on account of Richard Yorke's connection with him; but it suited Solomon's purpose on this occasion to ignore that circumstance. It would be necessary for some time to come to allude to the Crompton property more or less, and it was just as well to begin at once; it was also less embarrassing to do so in the presence of a third person.

"Yes, Solomon, I knew Mr. Carew was dead," said Harry, gravely. The next instant she turned scarlet with the consciousness of her thoughtless indiscretion.

"Oh," grunted her husband, annoyed at what he deemed her sulky manner, when he himself was so graciously inclined to be conciliatory, and also displeased to find his news anticipated, "you've been buying an evening paper, have you? You must have more money than you know what to do with, it seems to me."

Harry was thankfully accepting this imputation in silence, when Mrs. Basil's soft voice was heard. "No, Sir; it was I who told your good lady. I had a letter from Crompton by the afternoon's post."

"The devil you did!" cried Solomon, turning sharply upon her. "How came that about?"

"I was housekeeper at Crompton, Sir, in old Mrs. Carew's time, for some years, and one of the servants wrote to let me know of the accident."

"Housekeeper, were you?" said Solomon, with interest. "That must have been a good place, with deuced good pickings, eh?"

"Solomon, Solomon," remonstrated his wife, in a low voice, "Mrs. Basil is quite a lady. Don't you see that you offend her?"

It is more than probable that, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Coe would have resented this rebuke with choleric vehemence; but he had his reasons for being good-humored in the present instance. "You must excuse my country manners, Mrs. Basil," said he. "As my wife will tell you, I must always have my joke; but I mean no offense. So you were housekeeper at Crompton, were you? Well, now, that's curious, for Mrs. Coe's father and I myself, as you heard me saying, have had a great deal to do with Carew. You knew him well, of course?"

"Yes, Sir; I did."

"And the place too, of course. It was a very fine one, was it not? Plenty of pictures, and looking-glasses, and things?"

"It was very richly furnished."

It was curious to mark the difference of manner between questioner and respondent. Solomon, usually so reticent and reserved, was grown quite voluble. Mrs. Basil, on the other hand, naturally so apt in speech, seemed to reply with difficulty. She was weighing every word.

"The estate, I suppose, was out of your beat; you did not have much to do with that?"

"I used to walk in the park, Sir, most days."

"Ay; but the property generally? The friend who writes you to-day don't say any thing about *that*, I suppose—whether any of it is to be sold or not, for instance?"

"The report—of course, being a servant, she can only speak from report—is that Mr. Carew's affairs are in a sad state. Every thing, I believe, is to be sold at once. The whole estate is said to be—I don't know if I use the right term—mortgaged."

"Just so," replied Solomon; "yes, yes. That is so, no doubt." There was a slight pause; Mrs. Basil courtesied, and was about to leave the room. "Stop a bit, ma'am," said Solomon. "My wife tells me that you are a lone woman—a widow. Perhaps you'd like to take a bit of dinner with us to-day?"

Harry began to think her husband was intoxicated. He did get occasionally so when any particularly good stroke of business was in course of progress, and on such occasions his manner was unusually affable; but she had never seen him half so gracious as at present. Hospitality, though he did sometimes bring a mining agent or a broker home to dinner, was by no means his strong point. Mrs. Basil looked doubtfully at her dress, which, though homely, was perfectly well-made and lady-like, and murmured something about its being almost the dinner-hour, and there being "no time."

"Oh, never mind your gown" (which, by-the-by, Solomon pronounced "gownd"); "we're quite plain people ourselves, as my wife will tell you. You shall take pot-luck with us. Where's Charley? That boy's always late."

But at that very moment the young gentleman in question entered the room, at the same time as did the servant with the announcement that dinner was on the table.

The astonishment of the domestic at seeing her mistress taken down to the dining-room by the new lodger was only exceeded by that of Charley, as, with his mother on his arm, he followed the strangely assorted pair. "I knew she was a witch," he murmured, "with her human skull and her Joanna Southcott; but this beats old Margery's doings at Gethin."

"Hush, hush!" whispered his mother, for Charley's high spirits and audacity always terrified her when exhibited in his father's presence: "they have found they have a common acquaintance, and so made friends."

"Father didn't know Swedenborg, did he?" answered the young man, slyly. "My belief is, he has fallen in love with her. I saw a black cat on the stairs. She can make any body do it, as I was telling Aggey" (the young rogue had been to Soho since the morning); "I shall be the next victim, no doubt. It's no use saying to myself, 'Thou shalt not marry thy grandmother.' Her charms are too powerful for the rubric. You'll see she'll not say grace."

Mr. Charles was right in that particular of his diagnosis of their new guest. Mrs. Basil did treat that devotional formula, which Mrs. Coe never omitted to pronounce, in spite of her husband's contemptuous shrugs, with considerable indifference. She sat opposite to Charley, and more than once, when he looked up suddenly, he caught her gaze fixed earnestly upon him. Those wondrous eyes of hers yet shone forth bright and clear; her cheeks were still smooth; and, though her brow had many a wrinkle, they were the footprints of thought and care, rather than of years.

The conversation, as was natural where the company and the guest were strangers to each other, turned upon the topics of the day, and the objects in the room, some of which, as we know, were sufficiently remarkable. At Charley's request Mrs. Basil once more narrated the story of the skull; and then epitomized, with caustic tongue, the biography of poor Joanna. Up stairs, she said, she had one of that lady's "seals"—a passport to eternal bliss—which she would bestow as a present upon the young gentleman opposite. Her cynical humor delighted Charley, and won the approbation of his father—not the less so, perhaps, since he saw it annoyed his wife.

Poor Harry was a simple well-meaning woman in her way, and, had the circumstances of her life been less exceptional, would have earned the reputation of a good creature and steadfast chapel-goer. But our lives do not always fall in the places most suitable to our dispositions; the restive are often compelled to run in harness; and the quiet low-action goers, who would welcome restraint, are left without guide, and with no course marked out for them. Thus it was with Mrs. Coe. The situation in which Fate had placed her it was altogether beyond her powers to fill. She knew that Mrs. Basil was rapidly ingratiating herself with her husband, and so far was furthering their common plan; but, notwithstanding its supreme importance, she shrank from the means that were bidding fair to accomplish her own end. She shuddered at her husband's vulgar ejaculations of assent and approval; at her son's thoughtless laughter; at this woman's sparkling and audacious talk, which seemed so purposeless, and yet was so full of design and craft. She had feared her and shrank from her at Gethin, and she feared her now. And yet how necessary was her assistance! Of her own self she was well aware that she could do nothing to avert that coming peril from her husband and her son, the shadow of which had darkened all her married life, and was now deepening into blackest doom. It was absolutely necessary that Mrs. Basil should obtain the confidence of Solomon, and perhaps of Charley also, and yet this unlooked-for and swift success of hers was far from welcome to poor Harry. It really almost seemed that there was truth in what her son had spoken in jest—that there was witchcraft in it.

Solomon was now talking earnestly to Mrs. Basil in low tones, while Charley looked toward his mother with raised eyebrows, and a comic expression, which seemed to say, "She's got him, you see; I did see a black cat on the stairs."

If she could have overheard her husband's talk, it would still have been inexplicable to her.

"Then you think this sale at Crompton will take place directly after the funeral?"

"I should certainly imagine so—yes."

"There is something—you needn't tell my wife, because I wish it to be a surprise for her—that I should like to buy at it; something I have long had my eye on."

"Some piece of furniture, I suppose. Well, you must be prepared to give a good sum, I fear. From the curiosity of the thing—the reputation, I mean, of poor Mr. Carew—it is likely things will fetch more than their price."

"Perhaps so. But I should like to know, as soon as possible, when the sale comes off. From your connection with the place, you will be able to get news of this before the general public—I mean the exact date."

"No doubt. I will write to-morrow, and beg that the information may be sent me."

"I should feel much obliged if you would, Mrs. Basil."

"I'll write this very night. You wish to know the day on which the sale of the furniture may be fixed?"

"Yes; and of all the other things: of the estates as well, for instance; there may be some land that may prove a good investment. Don't make a fuss about it, but say you have a friend who is interested. The catalogue of effects, with the dates appointed for the sale of each, will, of course, be settled down there. I want to have an early copy."

"That is very simple," said Mrs. Basil, making a memorandum in her pocket-book: "you shall be among the very first to get one, Mr. Coe—you may rely on that."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OVER THE ROOF.

Richard Yorke is still at Lingmoor; and though but a twelvemonth intervenes between him and freedom—or perhaps partly because of it—prison life is growing insupportable. It is the last year of "a long term," as all "old hands" will tell you, which is the most trying. Impatience becomes more incontrollable as the limit of suffering is neared; and just as, after a tedious and dangerous illness, the convalescent will rise too soon, and risk a relapse in his feverish desire to be well, so a prisoner will often make some wild endeavors to escape, when, if he did but wait a little—a span of time compared with that in which he has lain captive—his jealous doors would open of themselves to let him pass in safety. But there are other reasons which are pressing Richard toward flight, and goading him (as he feels) to madness if he remain quiescent. He has quarreled with all about him, and has suffered for it; and he is now menaced with worse things. His sullenness, his brooding ire, have long transformed his nature; civility, and even obedience, have become impossible for him. He kicks, as it were, against a chevaux-de-frise of steel. He has been starved on bread and water, and grown thin and fierce. He has been put, and not for nothing, into the dark cell for hours, to brood, as usual, and has come forth a more reckless devil than he went in.

His warder and he are open foes. That cross-grained official has taken a strong antipathy to him, which is more than reciprocated; and every time he enters his cell sets foot, though unconscious of the fact, on the very threshold of the grave. He is the keeper of one who is almost a madman; but the latter is sane on one point yet—he knows to whom his vengeance is mainly due; and while that knowledge lasts his lesser foe is safe from him—safe, that is, at present; but a provocation may be given which would compel this long-suffering victim—in years scarce a middle-aged man, in appearance gray and withered as the oldest within those prison walls—to give his passion way, and slay him. If something should take place, which this warder himself has prophesied would happen, it will be so; and all Richard's hoarded hate would then be useless; since it would have no heir. There has been flogging in the prison—an unusual punishment, and only inflicted for great offenses, or for continued contumacy and bad conduct. A conspiracy was discovered, and seven of the ringleaders received three dozen lashes each, in presence of all the inmates of the jail. It was a punishment perhaps deserved and necessary, but sickening enough to witness. Richard's warder stood beside him, and while the cat was descending on one wretch's naked back, observed in a grim whisper: "Do you take warning, my man; for if you are reported again, the governor says you are to have a dose of the same medicine."

Whether the man spoke truth or not, Richard believed him. It was more than probable that he *would* be reported, and by the very voice that uttered the menace. In a twelvemonth's time there were three hundred and sixty-five opportunities, ten times told, of its being fulfilled. If such a sentence was ever passed upon him, as it was almost sure to be, Richard was well resolved that it should not be carried out; rather should this man die, and he himself, his slayer, be hung for it. His desire for vengeance upon those who had blasted his young life so cruelly was as strong as ever—nay, stronger, fiftyfold; but he knew that he could never bear the lash. Somehow or other, therefore, at all risks, he must escape from Lingmoor.

Robert Balfour was to be set free in a few days, his conduct, though not good, having earned that much of remission. Richard was not envious of him, yet the contrast of their two positions made him perhaps more desperate and reckless. Of late months the old man had been admitted to certain privileges accorded to such as have almost worked out their time, or who are otherwise recommended for them. He had been employed as "a cleaner," then as "a special"—in which position he was permitted to work out of doors without an attendant warder, and even (in his particular case, for he was growing very old and feeble) to have leave of absence for an hour or two. On some occasions it was his duty to bring round the prisoners' meals; and then he saw Richard, and could even exchange a word or two with him alone. This happened upon the afternoon of the day when the public flogging had taken place.

"Balfour," said Richard, earnestly, "will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, lad, any thing," replied the old man, softly. The word "lad" seemed so inapplicable to that gray-headed, care-lined face, which he had known so young and comely, that the misuse of it touched the speaker. "You know I will."

"Even though you should run a risk," said Richard, "within a day or two of your freedom?"

"Ay; for your sake, I would do that and more."

"God bless you, if there be a God!" answered those haggard lips. "Ask leave to go to the village to-morrow, and get me a file."

"Hush!—the warder."

The conversation thus interrupted was resumed next day.

"Here is the file," said Balfour; "hide it in your mattress. But, lad, you will be mad to use it. I pray you be patient. It is only a twelvemonth now."

Richard shook his head, with a ghastly smile. "I must try," said he.

"Nay, nay; you will be retaken and flogged, lad; think of that."

"I shall never be retaken, Balfour, at least alive."

It was easy enough to read in Richard's face the corroboration of his words.

"Have you any plan?" asked the old man, disconsolately.

"I have. From my window here I see an open shed, with a coil of rope in it. I shall file my bars, and get that rope to-night; climb back again here, and over the roof. I have calculated the distance from outside. I feel sure I can reach the parapet with my finger-tips as I stand upon the window-ledge, then let myself down into the exercising-yard upon the west side."

"The walls about that yard are sixty feet high, lad."

"There is a spout in the north corner which will help me up; and if I reach the top without a broken neck, I make fast my rope, and slide on to the moor. From thence, no matter how dark it is—and it will be pitch-dark, I reckon—I can make Bergen Wood. No power on earth shall stop me. If you told the warder yonder of my plan this moment, I should still escape—in another and more certain fashion." To look at him and read the resolute despair in his white face was to have no doubt of that.

"What must be must be," sighed the old man. "But for *my* sake, lad—for mine, who love you as a father loves his own son—be patient till to-morrow. This is my last day at Lingmoor. To-morrow I shall be free. I'll come at night to the wall of the west yard, and throw a rope over the north corner, close by the spout you mention. It shall be made fast on my side, and if you do but lay hold of it, the rest is easy. Your scheme, as it now stands, is hopeless. No squirrel could climb that spout, far less a man reduced as you are;" and he glanced significantly at Richard's shrunken limbs.

"You are the best of friends, Balfour—indeed, the only man that ever *was* my friend." He stopped, as if overcome by an emotion that was so strange to him. "At midnight then, to-morrow, I shall begin my work; and in an hour from that time, if all goes well, I shall be at the spot appointed. If I fail, you will remember Wheal Danes?"

"Yes, yes; but you will not fail. Keep a good heart," whispered the old man, as he hurried away at an approaching footstep.

But, in reality, Balfour had no hope. His experience of such attempts, and his knowledge of the difficulties to be surmounted in the present instance, forbade any expectation of Richard's success, even in the matter of getting outside the prison walls; and, supposing that was done, and the wood reached, what was to be looked for further but slow starvation or death from the sharp-tipped arrows of the wintry wind? Still, Balfour's help was promised, and would be given; the old cracksman had many faults and vices, but he was not one to desert a friend at a pinch, and Richard Yorke was really dear to him.

As for Richard, notwithstanding the seasonableness of the other's offer, and although he was himself almost convinced that without such aid he could never effect his object, no sooner was he left alone than he regretted that he had passed his word to put off the attempt another day. Suppose he should transgress some prison regulation between this and then, or be reported by his hostile attendant without having committed a transgression! There were thirty-six hours of such perilous delay before him, and his impatience was already at fever-heat. By standing on his metal wash-stand, and peering through his bars, he could see that the coil of rope still lay in its accustomed place that afternoon, but would it remain there till to-morrow night? The very act of thus climbing to his window, which he could not resist, was a serious offense; and if by any chance he should be found in possession of the file—then all was over. He was fully determined only to part with it with life itself. For once, the picture of Trevethick and his son-in-law (for he had heard before he left Cross Key of Harry's marriage with his rival), unsuspecting, complacent, and exposed to the full force of his revenge, failed to occupy his gloating thoughts; they were fixed as ever there, but on the means and not upon the end—his whole being was engrossed in the coming enterprise. He feared the warder should read that forbidden word "Escape" in his eager eyes, or on his restless lips. A change of cell or a sudden examination of his bed-furniture—no uncommon occurrence—would prove his ruin. He took the file out of his mattress, and placed it in his breast: let that man beware who found it there!

At last the long night, which should have found him free, passed by, and the next weary day. The appointed time had come.

It was past midnight, and not a sound was heard in the vast prison; there was no moon, but a few stars shone on him as he worked at the iron bars; the noise of his file was muffled—he had rubbed it well with soap—but every now and then he paused and listened. He half fancied he could hear the distant tramp of the patrols, who, musket in hand, watched the walls of Lingmoor from the roofs of its four stone towers; but it was only fancy, and, at all events, no one else but they was stirring. Years ago he had gauged those bars, and calculated that not less than three must be sawn through to give his body room to pass; but that was when he was young and plump and vigorous. He was vigorous now—the fever within him seemed to give him the strength of ten—but he was an old man to look at, and the flesh had left his bones. So much the better; there were only two bars to file instead of three. Finding the space sufficient, he twisted his blanket into a rope, fastened it to the broken bars, and so, by its aid, slipped noiselessly into the yard.

That portion of the prison was low, and consisted but of two stories; another cell window was immediately beneath his own, but, as he knew, it was not used for prisoners. Still, he trembled as he slipped past it. Suppose a hand had been pushed through to clasp his limbs, or a voice had given the alarm, and warned the watchful guards! But his feet touched ground in safety. His eyes, accustomed for long years to cleave the darkness, guided him straight to the shed and to the coil of rope. He seized it as the shipwrecked mariner clutches that which is thrown him from the shore to drag him through the roaring breakers, and then, winding it about his waist, he retraced his steps. To return to his cell window was comparatively easy; but to stand upon its narrow ledge, and, clutching the parapet with his fingers, to draw himself up thereby, was a task that few, without the hope of liberty to spur them, could have accomplished. Three times he failed; without something more of purchase for his hold, he felt the thing was beyond his powers. The question was, how broad was the stone coping? If, by a sudden spring, he could catch the other side of it, he might succeed; but if he missed, his hands would slide from the smooth surface, his feet could not regain their stand-point, and he would fall backward twenty feet or so upon the stone court-yard.

There was nothing for it but to run the risk. He gathered his strength together, shut his eyes, and made a vigorous spring: one hand caught a firm gripe, and, after a sharp struggle, the other gained it; then he drew himself slowly up, and lay down in the gutter of the roof to gather breath and look about him. The prison was built like the four spokes of a wheel; and, indeed, with the high wall circling round it, did closely resemble that image. Nearly the whole of the building could have been seen, had it been light enough, from his present position; but, as it was, only the west wing was dimly visible, with its guardian tower standing blackly up against its dark back-ground of wintry night sky. He could not make out the sentry on its top; but now and then, when his circuit brought him nearest to his hiding-place, he could hear his measured foot-fall.

Like a creeping thing, for he scarce used hand or foot at all, Richard slowly crawled and slid along the sloping roof, then swiftly over the vertex, while the patrol was at the most distant portion of his round, and then once more, motionless and almost breathless, he lay down behind the western parapet. The exercising-yard, into which it was his object to drop, was just below him; but it was necessary to find some object to which to fasten his rope; and here he perceived how futile would have been his plan of escape without assistance from without; for here, having slid down it, he must needs leave his rope tied to a neighboring chimney. There was not length enough to cut off, and be of any service afterward for the descent of the external wall, nigh sixty feet in height. If Balfour failed him, it was now, indeed, clear to him that his whole design must fail. Yonder towering wall, higher even than his own present elevated position, could never be scaled by foot and hand, with only the help of a spout—nay, he doubted whether, even if he found the promised rope in position, he could even make use of that; for, though agile, he had none of the sailor's cunning.

He made fast the coil which he had with him, however, and watching his opportunity, slid off the parapet into space. Such a feat seems easy enough to read of; but to slide without noise down a loose and swinging rope for so great a distance is no slight task to one unused to such gymnastics; and besides he had to check himself at intervals (which took the skin off from his hands, although at the time he did not feel it), lest he should suddenly reach the ground with a dull thud. He accomplished this in safety, and once more paused, his back pushed hard to the prison wall, while the warder passed, whose form he could now even make out, it was so immediately above him; then he crossed the yard with a swift but anxious step to its north corner, and peered about in the gloom for the promised rope; the spout was there, smooth and ineffectual enough as a means of exit, but no rope.

His heart died within him, and his hands trembled with anxiety and trepidation as they felt in vain for it along the smooth and lofty wall. Richard's brain began to reel. He leaned his trembling brow against the cold iron of the spout, and endeavored to think the matter out. He was sure of Balfour; he felt certain that nothing but sudden and dangerous illness would have prevented him from keeping his word. But perhaps he had not been able to obtain a rope; such things were watchfully looked after in the neighborhood of Lingmoor Prison, and might even not be procurable. Yet had such been the case, Balfour would not have volunteered that form of assistance. He was of opinion that the rope was there, then, and if so, it must have been thrown over by means of a stone, or weight of some kind. In that case, if the stone had rolled after reaching the ground, the rope might not be hanging like a plumb-line from the wall, but at an angle from it, and at some distance. He began to move, then, in a parallel line from the wall, still feeling right and left; and on the third trial he caught in his stretched-out hand a string—a string-line such as a boy uses for his kite; and for an instant, the sense of the inefficacy of such means to effect his purpose froze him with despair. But presently pulling on the string, he found it gather in his hand, and pulling softly on, more string, and then an end of thin but wire-strong rope, and then more rope. What was best of all was, that this rope was knotted at intervals of every foot, so as to afford a strong, firm hold.

After many yards of this had been hauled in he found resistance; the end of it was evidently fast on the other side. Richard passed the rope round the bottom of the iron spout, and beneath an iron clasp, that prevented its slipping upward, and then made it taut. It was a perilous bridge even then, and supposing the watcher with his musket had not been, as he was, within easy gunshot of him; but it led from prison walls to liberty, and Richard did not hesitate for a moment to commit himself to it. Hand over hand, foot after foot, he dragged himself with infinite effort slowly upward; but it was not now in his power to watch the patrol, and secure the most favorable moment for crossing the wall top, as he had done in the case of the roof. As ill luck would have it, just as the sentry came to the northward portion of his beat, Richard's form was vaguely visible against the sky, upon the very summit of the wall. The next instant he had crossed it, and at the hoarse cry, "Who's there?" had glided rapidly down upon the other side. The sentry's gun was at his shoulder, and its sharp report rang through the silent night just as the convict reached the ground. The starlight was just sufficient, as the warder subsequently swore (and truly), to see the man was hit; he staggered and fell, but crawled away directly, and was lost in the surrounding gloom.

At the same moment all the prison seemed to wake to light and life, and the alarm-bell clashed out its hoarse notes of warning on the wintry air.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEWS FROM LINGMOOR.

Mrs. Basil kept her word with her lodger, and (thanks to the chaplain) gave into his hand a catalogue of the great Crompton sale some hours at least before the details of it were made public; on the receipt of which Solomon at once left town. His absence was felt to be a relief by all parties. The work of ingratiating herself with his hard, coarse nature, independently of the personal loathing with which Mrs. Basil regarded him, on Richard's account, was very hard, and rest was grateful to her. Mrs. Coe was always more at ease when business took her husband from his home. Charley hailed his departure, since he could now enjoy the society of his Agnes without stint.

He was, as usual, at Soho one morning, when Harry, sitting alone in the drawing-room, engaged in needle-work, was alarmed by a shrill shriek, followed by a heavy fall on the floor beneath, in Mrs. Basil's parlor. She had heard the front-door closed but a minute before, and the thought that was never wholly absent from her mind now flashed upon it with terrible distinctness—the Avenger had come at last! Her next hurried reflection was one of thankfulness that neither Charley nor Solomon was at home. Then, pale and trembling, she stole out on the landing of the stairs, and listened intently. Not a sound was to be heard save the throbs of her own fluttering breast. The cook and the waiting-maid, who alone composed the domestic staff, had apparently not heard the noise; for the former was singing loudly in the kitchen, as was her wont when she had been "put out," as happened some half dozen times per diem. It was frightful to think that in yonder parlor her once-loved Richard might even then be closeted with his mother, deaf to her appeals for mercy, resolute for revenge, and only demanding where his enemies might be found: it was better to face him than to picture him thus. That his sudden appearance had terrified Mrs. Basil into a fit she had little doubt from that shriek and fall; and, indeed, all was now so still within there that she might be dead. The fear for her offspring, however, made Harry almost bold. Indeed, as has been said, she did not entertain any apprehension of personal violence at Richard's hands; and, perhaps, in spite of Mrs. Basil's assurance to the contrary, she had some hope of moving him from his set purpose by her prayers and tears. Step by step, and clinging to the hand-rail for support, for her limbs scarcely obeyed her will, she descended the stairs, stood a moment in the passage, listening like a frightened hare, and then opened the parlor door. There was no one within it: yes, upon the hearth-rug lay the motionless form of Mrs. Basil; she was lying on her face; and, rushing forward, Harry knelt down beside her, and strove to lift her in her arms. Some instinct seemed to forbid her to call for assistance.

"What is it? what is it?" gasped the old woman, looking vacantly up in the other's face.

"You have been unwell, dear madam. I am afraid you have had a fainting fit; but, thank Heaven, you are better now."

Harry was truly grateful; first, that her original suspicion had proved to be unfounded; secondly, that Mrs. Basil was alive. She had contrived to place her in a sitting posture, with her back against the heavy arm-chair; and now she brought a carafe of water from the side-board, and sprinkled her face and hands.

"Let me call Mary, and we will get you up to your own room as soon as you feel equal to the effort."

Mrs. Basil's eyes had closed again. Her face was white and stiff as that of a corpse; but she shook her head with vehemence. "The door—lock the door!" she murmured.

Not without some hesitation, for she began to fear that her companion was wandering in her mind, Harry obeyed her. "Get me into my chair. Oh, why did I ever wake to weary life again!"

"What has troubled you? Can any new misfortune have happened to us?" inquired Harry, woefully.

"To *you*—no," answered the old woman, with sudden fierceness; "to me—yes. Do you see that letter?" She pointed to one lying beneath the table. "Twenty years ago that would have been my death-warrant; but now I am so used to suffer that, like the man who lived on poisons, nothing kills. Read it—read it."

The letter was an official one; the envelope immense, with "On her Majesty's Service" stamped upon it, and out of all proportion to the scanty contents, which ran as follows:

"Lingmoor Prison, *December* 22.

"Madam,—I am instructed by the Governor of this Jail to acquaint you with the sad news that your son, Richard Yorke, is no more. Four weeks ago he escaped from prison by night, and took refuge in an adjoining wood. His body was discovered only four days ago, and an inquest held upon it, when a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts. I am, Madam, yours obediently,

"Thomas Sparkes (*for the Governor*).

"I am instructed to inclose a locket with miniature, which was found upon your son on his arrival here. The rest of his property will be forwarded by rail."

This locket contained the little picture of Harry painted by Richard himself, and which, though he had contrived to secrete while at Cross Key, had been taken from him at Lingmoor.

Harry's breast was agitated by conflicting emotions. To know that her boy was safe—that there could be no murder done—gave her a sense of intense relief, which could scarcely be called selfish. But that reflection was but transient, and a passionate burst of sorrow succeeded it. The only man she had ever loved—around whom centred her most precious memories—had died, then, thus miserably, after miserable years of bondage endured on her account. She saw him with her mind's eye once more as when he had clasped her in his arms for the first time upon the ruined tower—as when he had rained his kisses on her lips beside the Wishing Well—in his youth and beauty and passion. Her nineteen years of loveless wedlock were swept away, and left her as she saw herself in the little portrait he himself had painted, and which was now his legacy. His menaces and vows of vengeance against her and hers were all forgotten; her woman's heart was loyal to him whom she had owned its lord, and once more did him fealty.

"Oh, Richard, Richard, my dear love," cried she; "God knows I would have died to save you!"

"Come here, Harry—come here," whispered Mrs. Basil, "and let me kiss you. I would that I could weep like you; but the fountain of my tears has long been dry. I thought you would have been glad to feel that you and yours were safe—that retribution was averted from the man, your husband; but I now see I did you wrong. Your heart is touched—you remember him as he was before the taint of crime was on him."

"It never was!" cried Harry, passionately. "He never meant to wrong my father of a shilling."

"Well said, dear Harry; well said. He was himself a wronged—a murdered man. Imprisoned for nineteen years, and then to perish thus! And yet men talk of Heaven's justice! My boy! my boy!"

The two women were silent for a while—the one gazing with dry eyes but tender yearning face upon the other, as she rocked herself to and fro, and shook with stifled sobs.

"Dear Harry, you must not desert me now," pleaded the former, pitifully; "I am very old, and this has broken me. He was my all—my only one on earth—and he is dead. I shall not trouble you long. We two, child, were the only ones that loved him, and we love him still. Let me cling to you, Harry, since it is but for a little while; and let us talk of him together, when we are alone, and think of what he was. So bright, so gay, so— Oh, my boy! my boy!"

The tears rushed to the mother's eyes at last. Hard Fate was softened for a while toward its life-long victim; and side by side sat the two bereaved women, each striving to comfort the other, after woman's fashion, by painting in its brightest colors that dead Past which both deplored. Begotten of their common sorrow, Love sprang up between them, and on one side confidence; and into Mrs. Basil's hungry ears Harry, for the first time, poured the story of her courtship. Richard's death had cemented between them the bond which it would seem to have destroyed. The fatal letter lay open on Harry's lap, but the envelope had fallen on the floor. Stooping to pick it up, she found something still within it—some folded slips from a local newspaper, with an account of the inquest, the details of which the governor's clerk had, perhaps humanely, preferred to communicate in that form, to be read or not as the mother's feelings might dictate to her. The two women read it together, not aloud, for neither had the voice for that. With most of the evidence there recounted we are already familiar. It was proved that No. 421 had long been in a desponding, brooding state; but, as only a year intervened between the expiration of his term of punishment, his attempt to escape was almost unaccountable, and certainly unparalleled. No punishment was impending over him. The opinion of the authorities was expressed that the convict's reason was unhinged. The method of obtaining his freedom showed indeed considerable cunning, but also an audacity that was scarcely consistent with sanity. The height of the prisoner was known, and his proportionate reach of arm; and it seemed incredible how he could have succeeded in reaching the parapet above his cell window; in that attempt he must have risked certain death. His descent from the roof was explained by the presence of the rope. The immediate means by which he surmounted the external wall were, of course, evident enough, since the rope was there also; but the question was, how did it come there? The prisoner must have been assisted by some one outside the wall. The warder who fired the shot which subsequently proved fatal had seen but one man; but the night was dark, and the whole affair had passed very rapidly. Indeed, the convict had only fully shown himself when at the top of the wall, and the musket had been fired almost at a venture. On the alarm being given, pursuit was at once attempted; but, under cover of the night, the fugitive had gained Bergen Wood. The next morning his footsteps were traced so far, and it was proved that he was unaccompanied. A cordon was placed round the wood, and the place itself thoroughly searched for many days. It was deemed certain, from the report of the scouts who were made use of on such occasions, that the convict had not left that covert to seek shelter in any hamlet in the neighborhood; the quest was therefore still continued. Not, however, until three weeks afterward was No. 421 discovered. It was supposed that the unhappy fugitive had died of his wounds upon the very night of his escape, for the body was so decomposed that it could never have been identified but for its convict clothes; the nights had been wet and tempestuous, and it lay in an unsheltered part of the wood, a mere sodden heap of what had been once humanity. The bullet that had been the cause of death was, however, detected in the remains.

What an end to the high-spirited, handsome lad that had been the pride of his mother, the joy of his betrothed! What wonder that they sat over the bald record of it with bowed-down faces, and filled up the gaps with only too easily imagined horrors! Each kept hold of the other's hand, as though in sign of the dread bond between them, and sat close to one another in silence. Presently Harry started up, at the sound of a latch-key in the house-door.

"That is Solomon," cried she.

"Impossible," said Mrs. Basil. "He told me himself that he should stop for the last day's sale, and to-day is but the fifth."

"Hush! it is."

Yes, it was certainly Solomon's voice in the passage; and apparently by the answering tone, he had a male companion with him.

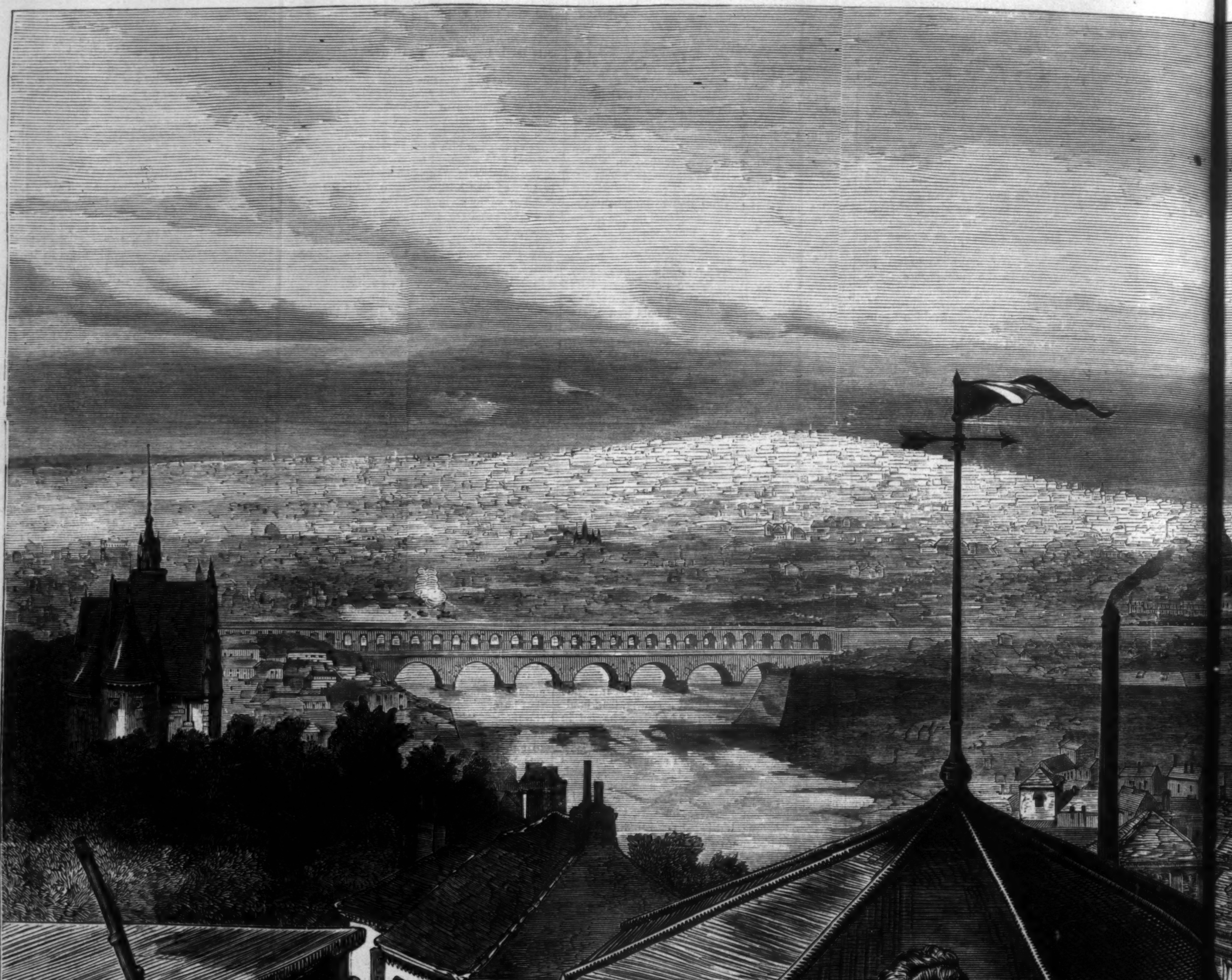
Harry seized the letter, with its inclosures, and thrust them into her bosom, which, full of grief for his victim, seemed to spurn her husband's approach. Then she heard him calling her impatiently, as was his wont, from the foot of the stairs.

"Harry, come down; I have brought a gentleman home with me. Let's have something to eat at once, will you?"

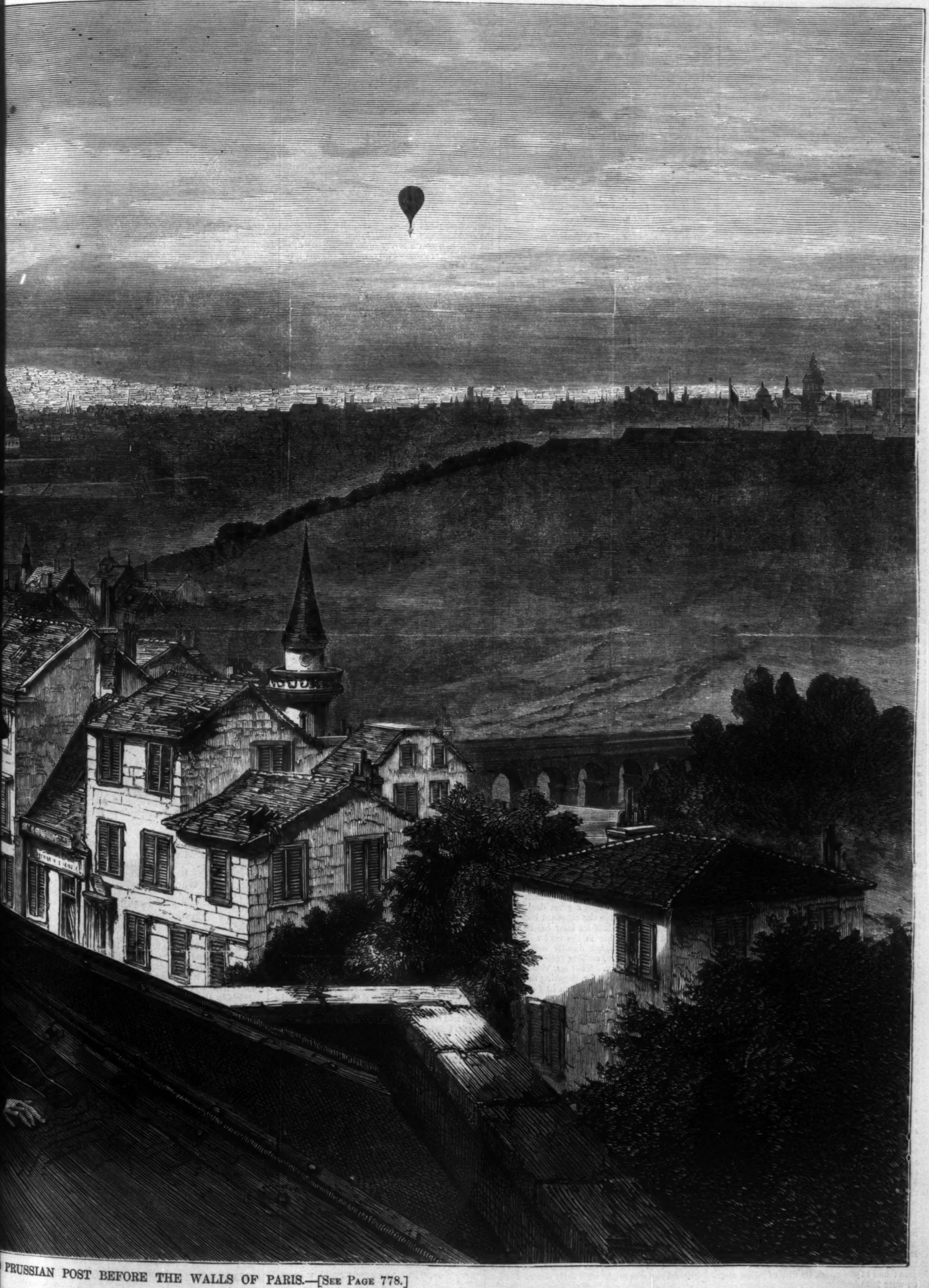
"Answer him—answer him!" gasped Harry. She could not speak; her tongue seemed paralyzed.

Mrs. Basil rose at once, walked with steady step to the door, and opened it. "Your wife is here, Mr. Coe. I am glad you are come home, for she is far from well, and I was getting quite nervous about her."

"She *must* be ill," grumbled Solomon, "not to be able to say 'Here,' when I am breaking a blood-vessel with holloing to her in the attics. Come in here, Sir." This to his companion—a man considerably his senior, thin and spare, who stood peering curiously at the landlady. "I am sorry to see you unwell, wife. I have brought a friend to stay with us for a day or two. Mr. Robert Balfour—Mrs. Coe."



AN ARTIST AT WORK—MAKING A HASTY SKETCH FROM AN A PRU



PRUSSIAN POST BEFORE THE WALLS OF PARIS.—[See Page 778.]

THANKSGIVING.

[A figure in quaint costume—half Puritan, half Cavalier—enters with the turkey to a "Yankee" family party in New York, and thus announces himself:]

I'M that pranksome little wight
Who, one cold November night,
In the Puritan forefathers' gloomy times,
Stole upon them unawares,
Smoothed the wrinkles of their cares,
And rang out the long-forbidden Christmas chimes.

How each gloomy brow unbent!
What magnetic thrills were sent
Through the iron of each grimly earnest soul!
How old England's merry face,
Touched with memory's tender grace,
Through New England's chilly fogs like sunlight stole!

Tempting visions of mince-pies
Danced before their solemn eyes;
Plum-pudding proved a serious stumbling-block;
The mistletoe's weird arch
Mocked their puritanic starch;
Phantom holly berries flamed from Plymouth Rock.

Ah! those dreary times are gone;
All *their* martyr-work is done;
They are gathered (let us hope) to dreamless rest.
Now our Christmas chimes ring clear,
And we dance in the New Year,
But Yankees still must love Thanksgiving best.

'Tis the festival of toil,
Of the harvest's gathered spoil;
It owns the shadow of the primal curse.
So best! In this our land
Thrift leads Freedom by the hand,
And Labor is of both the sturdy nurse.

So I fear not to come
To this stately city home
As herald of my brother, Santa Claus.
Be *his* the vision mild
Of Bethlehem's Holy Child—
I bear in either hand the palm and cross.

AN ARTIST BEFORE PARIS.

AN adventurous artist, in company with two English officers, recently made an excursion to the extreme front of the Prussian lines before Paris, the result of which appears in the double-page engraving which we lay before our readers this week. On stating his intention to the proper officers the artist was politely furnished with a patrol for guidance and protection, and the party set out, descending the valley below the château toward the Seine, stooping and running past exposed places and dodging behind trees. Pleasure-grounds trampled out of all shape—dismal villas, deserted and sacked, staring with all their bare empty windows, as though they wondered what would happen next—cabbage-gardens and potato-fields, which had been turned over and prodded and bereft of their produce, marked the country through which they passed. Finding the door of one of these villas invitingly open, the party ascended to the roof, and lying flat upon the leads, and peering round the corner of the sky-light, found Paris spread before them. Fort Issy appeared about half a mile distant, the Seine within a stone's-throw—one pontoon bridge was broken in the middle; beyond this was another; and then a third, over which a train was slowly crawling. Between this and a fourth bridge were the gun-boats. Beyond lay Paris. There was the dome of the Invalides, the twin towers of Notre Dame, the tall spire of St. Sulpice—spires, domes, and towers every where, and a mass of roofs, with the indications of the well-known streets and gardens and places, all apparently lying so near at hand that it seemed to the spectators as though they were actually within the fortifications. At the top of the picture appears a balloon, which, we believe, afterward fell within the Prussian lines, and supplied the besiegers with a file of Paris papers.

It was a dangerous post to occupy, for the French sentinels are very sharp, and will almost fire at the tip of your finger if it is exposed; so the explorers had, of course, to keep very close, the escort in particular, as his "lightning-conductor" would have been a sure mark for the enemy's Chassepot had the sun, as it threw its glow over the house-tops of the beleaguered city, glared upon that shining beacon which the Prussian soldier bears upon his helmet. No such accident happened, however, and the adventurous landscape viewers seem to have found time to scratch some initials on the leads, thus proving that there was a veritable John Bull among them. As the evening closed in they descended from their observatory, and returned to the Prussian lines in safety.

POLLY'S PIES.

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE.

THE clock struck three; and like a punctual Fate, Polly, shovel in hand, flung wide the oven door. For hours had that mystic laboratory been at work, unseen of mortal eye, and the fragrance, compounded of spice, of sugar, of crusted loaf, and savory fowl, which now floated forth and filled the kitchen, told the result. Far through the house spread the delicious whiff, and a stir and bustle overhead announced that some one there recognized the signal, and knew that baking was done.

In and out traveled the busy shovel till the inner depth, where yet a red glow lingered, was reached, gave up its last treasure, and Polly, making a fan of her apron, stood before the table to inspect the result. There they were, ranged in order due, the loaves brown and white, the rolls, the crackling pork and beans, the "'lection cake," that difficult dainty, over whose precarious fortunes she had watched till midnight—the two-and-twenty pies, gold, brown, and cranberry red, toothsome mince and translucent apple, custard flecked with cinnamon, tarts open-mouthed and gaping for the friendly jam; and in the midst, its disk of yellow earthen-ware towering above the rest, the huge chicken pie, to whose composition had gone such wealth of cream, of celery, of fatted pullets, as is not often met with outside the limits of the Pursall farm. With something of the feelings of a general at the head of his battalion Polly reviewed her forces, noting here and there a specially crisp edging, and in her own mind apportioning this and that to Uncle Nathan or Aunt Sapphira, and these to grace to-morrow's dinner; for "to-morrow" was New England's special day—that "great day of the feast"—in behalf of which governors are wont to make proclamation, and neighbors to vie in friendly zeal of housewifery and kind remembrance of those who have no portion of their own.

"Yes," said Polly, half aloud, "that will be the best for the Bulger children, I guess. The crust is a little too brown, but they won't mind that, and it's so big. Then old Aunt Pigett shall have this; and that one I'll send—"

An approaching footstep cut short the soliloquy, and, blushing rosy red, she caught up one special pie, and hurried it into the table drawer. Next moment her mother entered.

"Well, Polly, done?"

"Yes, mother. Come and look at them."

They made a pleasant picture, that mother and daughter, as they stood side by side before the long ironing-table. Mrs. Pursall was tall and erect, the very model of a farmer's wife. Strong, sweet, with face unfurrowed by the wheels of that light team, Care and Worry, who drive so heavily over female good looks in our country, and smile undimmed and bright, it was easy to vision forth the bonny bride who, thirty years before, had passed through that door on her wedding morning, to be from thenceforth the joy and comfort of all within. And beside her stood the vision renewed in early youth, the same eyes of happy blue, the same dimpled cheeks, the same capable hands; for Mrs. Pursall was a noted housewife, and Polly inherited the gift in full measure. It was with a little heart-beat that she now watched her mother's critical survey, and the nod with which it concluded.

"First-rate, dear; I never saw better. And what a lot of them! Some are to send away, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, indeed; it would take *us* a month to eat them all. See, mother, these are the ones I picked out for ourselves—for to-morrow and Sunday, you know. And the others are for different folks—old Katy, and Uncle Nat, and the Bulgers, and so on. Don't you think I was lucky in my loaf cake?"

"Indeed you were, and it's a trying cake, too. Suppose you frost a couple of the loaves for to-morrow evening, and put the others away in the tin. You must be sure and wrap them up well. Did you ask any body to come in the evening besides the Watsons and Jim?"

"No, ma'am—that is—yes," began Polly, flushing and flustered. "I mean, I didn't ask; but when Phil Ralston was here in the summer he said he should drop in if he could, and I told him we'd be happy to see him. That was what I meant, mother."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Pursall, too intent upon the pies to detect the weak points of this lucid explanation, "that was so long ago that very likely he's forgot all about it. But Philip is always welcome, any how."

Polly said nothing. In her secret soul she did not believe Phil had forgotten.

How distinctly she remembered about that promise! All through the short vacation, so vaguely alluded to as "in the summer," they had been together, Phil and she, gardening at the rate of a mignonnette seed to twenty minutes' conversation; "botanizing" (Heaven save the mark! Polly hardly knew the difference between a pistil and a pistol); dawdling at the gate under the pink sunset till the moon rose shy and silvery above the pink, and Mrs. Pursall's voice addressed them from an upper window on the subject of "damp;" "trapesing," to use the language of the same authority, in wet grass of evenings to search out glow-worms—all these and similar pursuits had made it a time of enchantment. Phil was an old playmate and neighbor; nobody thought much of their being together, but Polly thought a great deal. And the last day of all, when she supposed him gone, he had stolen away half an hour before train-time, and surprised her in the cool well-room, her sleeves rolled up, her slender waist enveloped in a white apron, making pies—all unconscious of his proximity. That last visit stood in bold relief from others; for, lingering there outside the window, words had been half said, half looked, which she could never forget, though, at the time half frightened, she had pretended not to understand them. And at last he took to teasing her about the pies, as she daintily rolled her paste, and jagged the narrow strips for edging. Wouldn't she make him one—all of his own—at Thanksgiving-time, for instance, for he was coming home then? Oh yes, he was sure she would, though she gave no promise; he should come in the evening for it. And then the time came for him to go. And leaning through the window—Polly colored now as she thought of it—he had softly kissed the little brown wrist and departed, his last words being, "If you love me, Polly, don't forget the pie." I am afraid it was too late for that "if."

For, dreadful as it seems, the Pollys of real life do not always wait, as the books say they should, until a decisive word has been spoken before yielding their hearts. Love comes unsought, unseen, as the sun comes, or the dew; eyes ask, and looks ask. Prudence tugs feebly at the bolt, but her strength is weakness; open flies the door, and Cupid takes possession for bliss or bale. Which, in our Polly's case, it was to be, remained to be shown. She feared nothing, poor child. Phil loved her, she was sure, and all the hopeful sky was bright with early dawn.

"If you love me." The words so lightly spoken hummed round her like a song, as she drew from its hiding-place Phil's pie. Such a pie! Crisp as frost, foam-white, except where heat had kissed it into brown, with edge so trimly, so exactly cut, and middle adorned with a wondrous twirl of paste, embodying the initial "P."—a marvelous pie!—a pie to make the mouth water, and put an appetite under the ribs of Dyspepsia. Long and lovingly did Polly gaze on this *chef-d'œuvre* before committing it to the topmost shelf in the pantry, and then, rapidly restoring all to its pristine tidiness, she fled up stairs; for there was a hat to be trimmed, and, housekeeper though she was, Polly was no less a girl—a girl of eighteen, and, what was more, the prettiest girl of eighteen in Cohasset. Something was due to this eminent position.

So, shut into her room, she sat adjusting the killing little feather on the new "turban," turning now and then to survey the effect in a morsel of looking-glass, and by-and-by, as the drifted gold began to gather round the sunset, a sound came on the wind—the distant shriek of a locomotive. The train had arrived at "The Junction," four miles away. Far above the woods she could see the dim blue smoke. Down went the new hat, and a lovely smile parted her lips. That shriek meant—Phil; and I question if Beethoven's finest sonata could at that moment have seemed more musical—so true it is that at times we listen with an inward ear to which all sounds are melodious if they suggest the thing we love.

Phil was come. The thought awoke with her next morning, and lent its spring to the many small businesses which ushered in the day. It was for him she rubbed the crimson apples till they shone, heaped the grape clusters so tastefully, and crowned the vases with chrysanthemums and gay leaves. The candles she inserted in the tall, plated branches should brighten the room when he entered, the noble hickory logs should warm, the polished andirons please his eye. She lent her whole heart to the icing—Phil liked loaf cake. And if ever the spirit of Lady Mary Wortley's sentiment was carried out—if ever a room ceased to be a room, a dinner a dinner—it was now, when, transmuted by tender alchemy, the old farm-house took on higher meaning, and Mrs. Pursall's nuts and apples became indeed "the refreshment provided for a beloved one."

All things in order at last, a merry party set off for church. Father, mother, brother James, his wife and child—first installment of the family gathering—and in the midst Polly. The sun shone; crisp leaves rustled under foot; in all Cohasset was no blither face than that crowned by the new turban, as our little maid took her seat in the gallery front row as one of the village choir. How every thing seemed to smile! She loved the world; she loved the Governor for arranging this delightful day—this day which made so many people happy; which brought Phil home.

It was early. The melodeon was playing a low, droning voluntary; the green curtains were half drawn—plenty of chance for the choir to peep and to whisper, a thing all choirs like to do.

"I say, Polly, where *did* you get that feather?" asked her neighbor. "I only wish somebody would give me one. It's just elegant!"

"Mother bought it," said Polly, her eye on the door.

"Who *are* you looking for? Your ma? There she is now. What a good-looking woman James's wife is, isn't she?"

"I suppose you've heard the news, Polly?" broke in another whisper from behind. "The news about Phil Ralston?"

"No. What do you mean?" with sudden interest.

"He came up last night, you know; and what do you think he brought with him but a wife! The old folks didn't know a word about it. Wasn't it a fine Thanksgiving surprise?"

"How did you hear?" asked Polly, faintly, with white lips.

"Steve saw them—our Steve, you know. He come in the same train, and there was Phil getting out with his wife, and the old Squire meeting them, and looking so surprised; and Phil, said he, 'Father, I've got a new daughter to introduce to you.' And then some more in a low voice, which Steve couldn't hear; and the Squire he 'most cried, and he shook hands, and said, 'You're welcome, my dear.' That was all Steve saw, for he had to come away; but Uncle Reuben was up to the Squire's in the evening about a load of hay, and Phil's wife came in, and the Squire introduced her: 'My son's wife,' he said, and he looked real pleased, for all he hadn't been told beforehand. Gracious! there they are! Look, Polly, just coming in."

For a moment all swam before Polly's eyes. Then the mist cleared again, and she saw Squire Ralston's white head passing up the aisle, followed by his sister, a dear old woman who lived with him and kept his house; then Phil, and by his side a lady. With unnatural fire in her blue eyes she scanned the stranger, noting the clear olive cheek, the graceful undulating walk, the gait, which, even to her inexperienced vision, seemed something rich and foreign. That, then, was Phil's wife, the woman he preferred to all others! And with sudden power of hatred Polly felt that she hated her. All the sweet, even pulses of her nature seemed turned into bitterness and fire.

"She looks old for Phil, doesn't she?" whispered the other girl.

She did, but how beautiful! And still, as the service went on, what a mockery it all seemed—the prayer in which she did not join, the sermon which spoke of people as thankful and happy! She rose with the others, she bent her head, and all the time something jangled in her ears the one phrase, "Phil is married! Phil is married!" till it seemed as if she could not bear it. Long afterward, when she was happy again, that wretched morning would come back to her as visions of fever to returning health; little things she was unconscious of noticing—a late canker-worm walking up Mary Jane Oaks's bonnet-string; the scrap of newspaper left on Deacon Bunker's face from his morning shaving, and on which could be plainly read, "Lost and Straye," with the after clew of "heifer" just below. She remembered the exact position in which Phil stood as he held the hymn-book open for his—wife! Once he half turned and glanced at the gallery. That was too much; Polly drew tight the green curtain, and looked no more.

"You're pale to-day," whispered the friendly gossip in the rear, "or else your hat isn't becoming."

This roused her pride. Bad as it was to be miserable, it was worse to be pitied. She bit her lips till they were red, and (taking advantage of the last prayer, I am sorry to say) inflicted upon her cheeks a series of furtive pinches, which restored their bloom. Coming down stairs with the rest, she saw, she was sure, Phil lingering as if to speak. Cruel, insulting, she *would* not see! Leaning on James's arm, chatting, laughing, all bloom and animation, she brushed past. "Polly," he half exclaimed; then paused. Backs are sometimes expressive as faces. Polly's said, distinctly as back could, "Don't speak to me." Phil looked after them a moment; then, suppressing a low whistle, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and took the opposite direction. But soon, relenting, he was sorry to have done so. "She didn't see me," he said to himself; "that was it. Well, I'll go over this evening, at all events, and find out what it means."

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared-for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly. The turkey choked, the children's merriment stunned her. And there were all the relations to be seen to—Aunt Elmira and Uncle Jacob, Cousin Jane with her family, and the new baby. But for all her heartache the little maid was true to herself. Only Mrs. Pursall, with mother's instinct, divined that something was the matter. To the rest Polly was her usual self, prettier than usual, if any thing, and gayer with that deep flush on her cheeks, and the saucy tongue which, barbed with inward misery, had a smart answer ready for all and each.

At last the long dinner ended, amidst praises loud and high. The fire was replenished, the candles lit, evening and a general romp set in. Amidst the bustle Polly could slip away for a moment unperceived. She has "found a thing to do," as Mr. Browning says.

Climbing a chair in the dark pantry, she felt about. Yes, there it was. Just so she had meant to come and lift it down for Phil! With tight-set lips she carried the dish through the hall to the back-door, where Jowler, a faithful beast of nondescript breed, was wont to lie on a convenient door-mat.

"Jowler, Jowler—poor fellow," she said, "here's something for you," and she held out to him Phil's pie!

Never was dog awakened by daintier morsel! It was not a very heroic vengeance that, but somehow it suited Polly's feelings, and there was a certain tragic quality in her manner as she stood looking on at the demolishment which would have struck an uninterested spectator as infinitely comic. As the last crumb vanished, however—the last twirl of the "P"—a different mood asserted itself. She put her head in childish fashion against the door, and, with the empty pie-plate in her hand, began to cry—a silent, miserable crying, with a little dumb moan running through it like a child's.

It was just then that somebody passing up the walk came upon her—somebody who in his haste had come "cross corners" and leaped the garden fence in his way. A tall, brown-haired fellow, with merry, kind eyes, in which wonderment shone as he took in this astonishing spectacle.

"Hallo!" he began; "why it's—bless my soul! Polly! Why, Polly—what is the matter, dear?"

At the sound of the voice Polly started, as if stung. She gave a little scream; then, recollecting herself, would have dashed past him into the house, but a strong hand held her back.

"What *is* the meaning of this?" said Phil. "You here, and crying, on Thanksgiving night—the night when we were going to be so happy! Tell me what it is, Polly darling? Can't I help you? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Philip Ralston!" said Polly, too furious to weigh her words, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why?"

"Why? You ask me that? Because"—suddenly remembering what she implied—"because—you have no right to speak to me—to any body—in that way any more, now that you are married!"

"Eh!" ejaculated Philip; "and who says I am married?"

Polly, with dilating eyes, perused his face. She could not speak.

"I'm not married," went on Phil, "whoever says so. And I can't imagine how such a thing got about. And that you should—" He stopped.

"The lady in church?" gasped Polly.

"Well! what about her?" said Phil, sharply. "That was Will's wife—my brother Will, you know, or rather you don't know, for you were a little girl when he went to South America. It seems that he ran away with a beauty and heiress, and the letter they wrote never reached us; and the first thing I knew, there they were in New York, and poor Will miserably knocked up by the voyage and a pistol-ball one of her relations sent after him. So I didn't let father know, for fear of worrying him; and when Will got better we all came up together. That's the story, Polly; but I did think you trusted me a little."

"Oh, I did, I do," sobbing; "and I was miserable, Phil."

"So this was the cause of Polly's tears," went on teasing Phil, availing himself, man-like, of the opportunity; "and that was the reason she turned her back this morning. Then Polly does care for me a little—a very little?"

"A *very* little," responded Polly, with a faint gleam of mischief from under her wet lashes.

"Enough to put some confidence in my word when I assure her that I shall never marry—never—unless somebody I know, somebody who has proved very faithless, and hurt me not a little to-day, should learn to believe me, and like me well enough"—squeezing a little brown hand as he spoke—"to take me for a husband herself? What do you say, dear?" for the pretty rosy face had vanished into the sleeve of his coat, and for all questioning no answer could be won but a little, sweet, half gurgling, half sobbing, "Forgive me, Phil."

Phil did not prove obdurate. Before long the face came out of its hiding-place, and, leaning on his arm, Polly stood a happy moment to look at the rising moon, and taste the consciousness of bliss. Jowler stretched himself luxuriously, yawned, then leaping up, his paws on Polly's shoulder, he gave vent to one loud, solitary bark, of benediction perhaps, or maybe self-congratulation that this consummation devoutly to be wished did not happen sooner, to the detriment of his dinner. A moment, then Phil drew Polly into the shelter of the warmed and lighted hall, and the door was shut.

There is another "young Mrs. Ralston" now, whose pastry is said by the good housewives in the neighborhood to "beat all," and whose dainty ways are very like our Polly's; but she always assures her husband (whose name is Phil) that, if she should live half a century, she shall never, never make, or he ever taste, a pie one-half so perfect as that which he forfeited by coming ten minutes late one Thanksgiving evening. And he says— But no matter what he says.

TRYING TO LEAVE METZ.

SHORTLY before the surrender of Metz a large party of non-combatant French attempted to get out of the beleaguered city, and pass through the Prussian lines. The scene, as depicted in the second illustration on page 772, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"We saw a number of people coming from Metz, who were civilians desirous of getting away from the beleaguered fortress, and from the distress which all can understand must be the fate of those left within it. The group who came along the road consisted of men, women, and children, all carrying bundles; and a woman came on in advance with a pocket-handkerchief on a stick as a flag of truce. But the Prussians, who had determined that they would not allow any more of the citizens to leave the city, and had notified to those in command that all parties attempting to escape would be fired upon, now kept their word, and the pickets around us began, as the group approached, to fire upon them. We could clearly see the party as they came up the road. One man, who made himself unfortunately too conspicuous, was observed to fall. The group wavered; the foremost figure, with the white flag, still advanced; but at last she looked round, and perceived that all her companions were flying; upon which she understood her situation, and followed them back. We could observe crowds of others behind, ready to come forward if these had succeeded; but soon they disappeared. These people who wanted to leave Metz were evidently not of the poorest class. The woman in front was a peasant, but many, by their dress, seemed to be of the middle class; they, and the children, all had bundles and bags, or sacks. The poor fellow who was struck seemed afterward to be dead, for a soldier came round to where we were to report to his officer that he had killed a man. The soldier began to reload his needle-gun, and pulled a packet of cartridges out of his pocket; but before he could get to the bottom, where they were, he had to pull out a dove. The soldiers here trap the doves which have come out from Metz for food. The bird which this man had caught and kept along with his powder and shot represented a most curious association of the emblems of love and hate, of peace and war."

ON THE PARIS RAMPARTS.

THE Parisian National Guard have been receiving their "baptism of hardships and fatigue," as they will probably be soon receiving their christening of fire, on the walls of their capital. And truly these hardships are not to be despised, as it is by no means agreeable for men who all their lives have been comfortably and, in many cases, luxuriously housed to do twenty-four hours' duty in the cold and rain, with perhaps not even a leaky tent to sleep in. Yet this is what thousands of the hitherto indolent, pleasure-loving Parisians are daily doing; and many a one who, two months ago, would have thought it preposterous to rise at nine, and would have been horrified at getting his feet wet, now goes through the most arduous duties without a murmur.

Each division of the National Guard has its turn on the ramparts, and generally on the appointed day assembles in some square or unfrequented street. Each guard, besides his usual accoutrements, takes with him a perfect store of personal comforts, among which thick railway rugs and copious comforters are conspicuous. A tin sauce-pan with some savory concoction is indispensable to his equipment, neither is the *eau de vie*, with which to lighten the tediousness of his watch, forgotten. Drums and trumpets at their head, they march to their day's destination in time to think about breakfast. The arms are piled, and mysterious messes are disinterred from knapsacks and sauce-pans, wine is fetched from a neighboring canteen, and the company make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

At night the guards creep into the tents with which the ramparts are furnished, each just large enough to hold six or eight occupants as closely packed as herrings in a tub. As soon as the *reveille* sounds they come out in the most fantastic costumes—as represented in the sketch on page 772—some in dressing-gowns, some with their heads tied up in woolen wrappers, while others smoke their morning cigarettes, their loins girded with a sheepskin. After a welcome cup of black coffee the sound of the relieving company's trumpets is heard, and they march back to Paris and tranquillity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT seven years ago a movement was made by certain charitable individuals in this city to add to the benevolent institutions of New York a hospital for the relief of ruptured and crippled children. In due time a charter was obtained, a liberal support was given to the society formed, and a large number of patients were treated each year. A suitable building was needed; and a week or two ago the new hospital was formally opened, a large audience of ladies and gentlemen being present, and the exercises being of a very interesting character. The building occupies a lot on the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street. It is built of brick, has all modern improvements and conveniences, and is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty children. At present there are over eighty in the hospital. The society is now free of debt; but to enable the institution to support all it can find room for, a plan has been devised of annual subscriptions, whereby a subscriber of one hundred dollars has a right to place a child in the hospital for treatment for one year. For every additional one hundred dollars a child may receive one year's treatment. The members of the society earnestly commend this enterprise to the consideration of the charitable.

The vast number of factory chimneys in Paris sending forth volumes of smoke day and night indicate the intense industry with which the manufacture of warlike weapons is carried on. Field-cannon, shells, improved mitrailleuses, and various novel chemical agents for destroying the besiegers, are being prepared in great abundance. Doubtless military implements will not be wanting; but where will bread come from when months have passed away?

William C. Bryant recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. He was born in 1794.

The German papers bewail the effect of the war on trade. One journal remarks: "Germany has already, in one respect, lost more than France, for her army contained numbers of men trained to science, commerce, and manufactures who have died on the battle-field, and whose loss it will take another generation to replace. Another, though a less important, consequence of the war is the incompleteness of the harvest operations, owing to most of the horses used for that purpose having been taken for the army. The result is that immense quantities of hay, corn, and potatoes have been spoiled by the rains, as it was impossible to gather them in quickly enough."

Two American artists from this city, R. S. Gifford and L. C. Tiffany, have been spending some time this fall at Tangier, empire of Morocco, Africa. They write that they find there a great deal of material for sketches. After spending a month on the coast of Italy they intended to go to Alexandria.

Hall's *Journal of Health* urges rest from stimulating brain labor. Insanity, it says, always comes on with increasing sleeplessness, and the first step toward recovery is a growing ability to sleep. Too much business stimulates the brain; and if this is continued too long the inevitable results are either insanity, paralysis, or apoplexy. Insanity is caused by too much blood being in the arteries of the brain; paralysis is a loss of power—the parts have worked so much they can work no more; apoplexy is where the vessels of the brain are so full, so distended, that they are ruptured. The person who is kept up to the working point by any artificial stimulant runs a dangerous risk of losing life or reason.

A rebellious damsel, declining by her silence to assent to the requisition to "obey" in the marriage service, the officiating clergyman refused to proceed with the ceremony until an audible indication of consent was given.

There are, according to report, not less than five hundred English in Paris at the present time who are really suffering for money, and even for food.

At the first meeting of the presbyteries of the United States after the union of the Old and New schools it was voted to raise within a year $5,000,000 for Church purposes. The money will doubtless be promptly raised.

A prize of five hundred dollars a year for the remainder of the college course has been offered to the student of the Freshman class in Princeton College who, at the close of this year, shall pass the best classical examination. As the examination includes authors not in the curriculum, the competitors must devote extra attention to preparation.

Doré and the younger Dumas are among the *literati* in the French army.

Pestilential vapors brood over the battle-field of Gravelotte. It is a ghastly fact that beside every grave-heap a barrel of chloride of lime stands like a tombstone; yet, notwithstanding this disinfectant, the air is indescribably fetid.

A year ago last March the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized at Boston. The specific work intended was to send the Gospel to the women of India and China. The first public meeting of this society was held recently at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. By the first annual report, just issued, it appears that seven thousand dollars have been collected; one hundred and thirty auxiliary societies formed; a missionary journal established; and two missionaries sent to India about a year ago. In addition to these things, at the first annual meeting the society undertook to sustain certain schools and hospitals in India and China, and to send out two other missionaries this fall. For this work $11,926 in gold have been appropriated, and it is proposed to raise an additional $20,000 in currency. This society now includes six co-ordinate branches, which are located in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. It is proposed to establish similar branches in New Orleans, Charleston, and San Francisco.

A London publisher has offered ten thousand pounds for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible now in progress.

The German soldiers will have a home-sick longing to be with friends and relatives at Christmas. To them the Christmas festival is a very tender bond of sympathy.

According to an official statement the number of German soldiers now on French territory is 856,000; 740,000 of these belong to Prussia and the North German Confederation.

Telegraphic reports of the weather are now received in Washington three times a day from twenty stations; and the arrangements made for distributing them throughout the country are very satisfactory.

A report comes from Germany that the inhabitants of Strasburg desire that the fortifications of the city be destroyed, and that henceforth it be an open place.

Napoleon, in his exile at Wilhelmshöhe, rises regularly at six o'clock. After dressing, a cup of tea and a slice of bread are brought to him, and then he reads the German, French, and English newspapers, remaining alone until about nine o'clock. At nine his private secretary arrives, and remains with him until ten. After walking about the grounds of the château, at eleven a second *déjeuner* is served, the dishes being very simple. Napoleon and his officers then spend an hour or so in smoking and conversation. He then retires to his cabinet for business. At half past three or four he drives, rides, or walks—always preferring walking when the weather permits. At half past six dinner is served, which usually consists of a mixture of French and German dishes, but every thing very simple. After dinner his Majesty and his household retire to a parlor, when coffee and cigars are served. The evening is passed in conversation, cards, or reading aloud. Napoleon usually retires very early.

A good degree of interest has been manifested by the United States government, the Coast Survey, and the Smithsonian Institute in the scientific enterprise which leads a party of three to make Mount Washington their winter residence. Messrs. J. H. Huntington, of Hanover, New Hampshire, Assistant State Geologist; S. A. Nelson, of Georgetown, Massachusetts; and A. F. Clough, of Warren, photographer and telegrapher, make up the company. All needed scientific instruments have been provided. By means of a telegraph cable daily reports of the weather will be sent to the world; and it is expected that these reports will be of great value to commerce by giving warning of approaching storms. The building to be occupied is sixty feet by twenty-two, and twenty-five feet high. The main room is twenty feet by eleven, lined with triple thicknesses of felt, and thickly carpeted. Six months' provisions and an abundance of coal have been provided. Snow-shoes have also been sent up, to be used in cases of emergency.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WAS Mr. Chisselm a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of a friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him some distance."

"Mamma," said an intelligent little girl, "what is the meaning of a book being printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

Poetry is the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

Under the head of "Crimes and Casualties" a rural paper mentions the fact that a rival editor has just published a book.

BELLES-LETTRES—Love-letters.

A gentleman dropped a letter in Memphis the other day. A by-stander picked it up and returned it to the owner, saying, "You have dropped a paper, Sir; it may be valuable." The gentleman looked at the wandering document, and replied, "Valuable! not at all. It's only a love-letter!" Sentimental young ladies can make a note of this.

WASTING TIME—Hugging the girls.

A French marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey. "Ha ha!" exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?" "On horseback, my son—on horseback," replied the priest.

SKY-LIGHTS—Stars.

Not to inquire after each other's "chills" is the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

SATURDAY NOTES—Our salaries.

A lady who has been reading law is in the most fearful and agonizing doubts regarding the legality of her married condition. She says, "Lotteries are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life."

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith an' you'll find it is plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

A witty lady, being asked her opinion of mustaches, replied, "I always set my face against them!"

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

During peace a regiment is quartered; during war time it is occasionally cut to pieces.

Two Dutchmen lived very close together, and they had been fast friends, but they fell out, and hated each other like poison. One of them got sick, and sent for his neighbor, and said, "Hans, I am going to die; will you forgive me?" "If you die I will," said Hans; "but if you get well the old debt will stand good."

THE BEST WINE FOR VOCALISTS—Canary.

Where do Welshmen go to when they die?—To Mold (mould).

The gentleman who borrowed an oyster-knife with which to open an account at a banker's is anxious to meet with a patent cork-screw to draw a check.

The nation which produces the most marriages must be fascination.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING—Don't lend them.

Why are husband and wife not *one*, but *ten*?—Because the wife is number one, and the husband goes for nothing.

Why is the letter "d" like the marriage service?—Because it makes "we" into "wed."

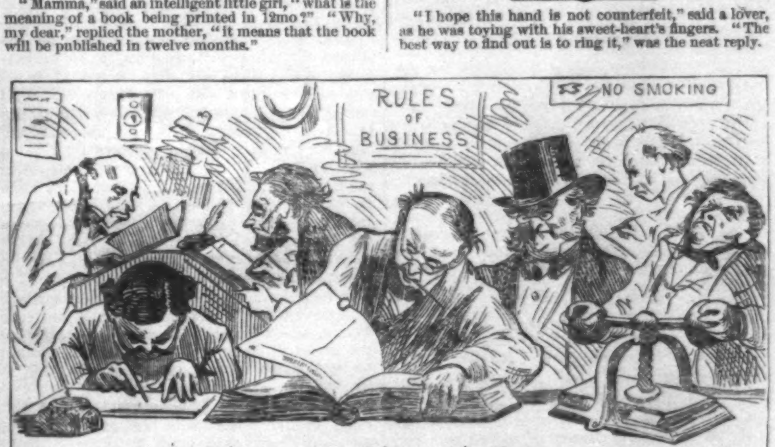
"IN VINO VERITAS."—Sandie M'Sawnie respondeth: "Truth in wine, indeed! Hoot, mon, there's nae sic a thing! Just shake up that auld port, and ye'll find there's muckle *lees* in it!"

Why do school-boys having their ears boxed resemble captured house-breakers?—Because they are handcuffed.

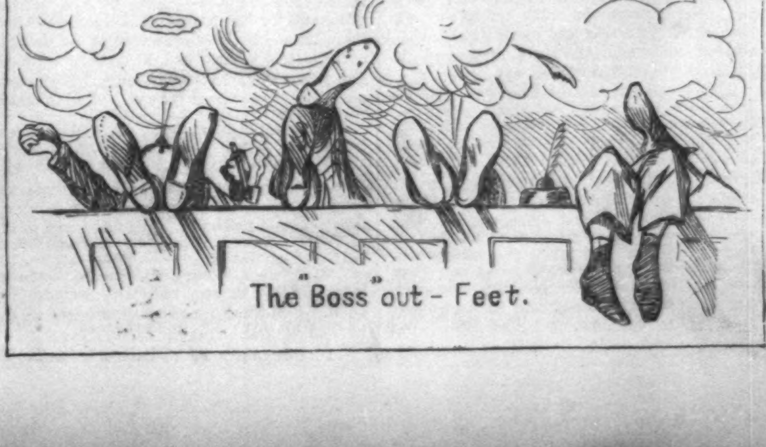
An old lady, whose son was lately about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "blackamoor."

A fellow in Indiana put one end of a gun-barrel in the fire, and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A coroner's jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

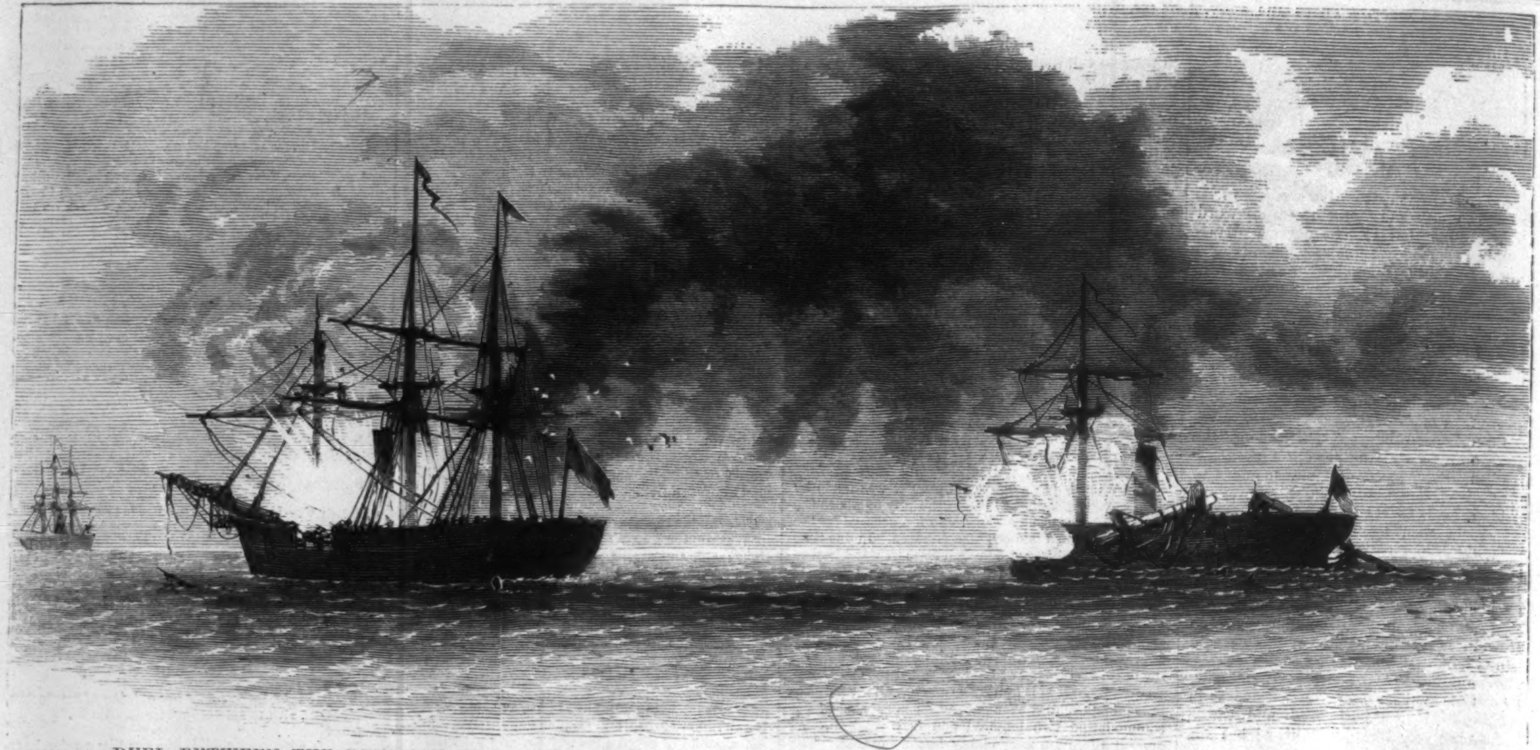
"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweet-heart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the neat reply.



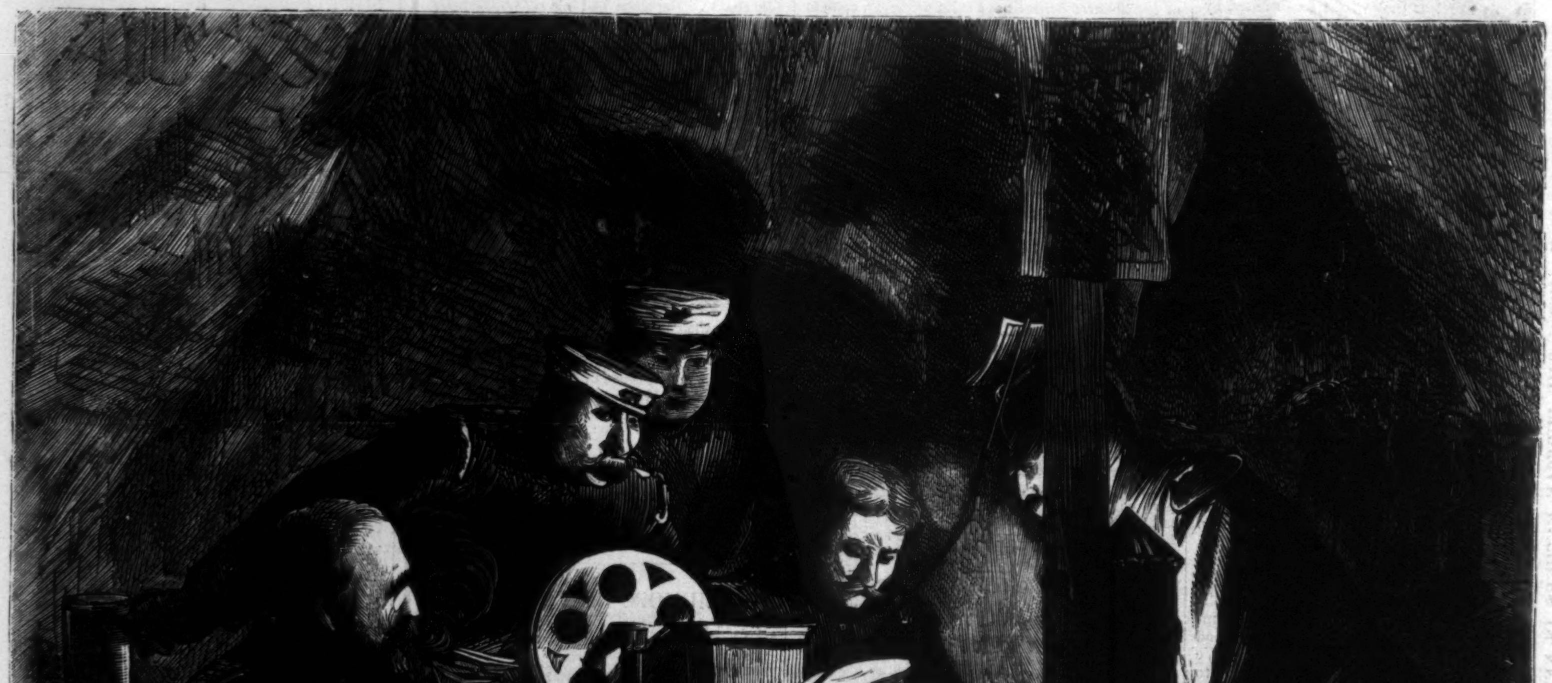
The "Boss" in – Heads.



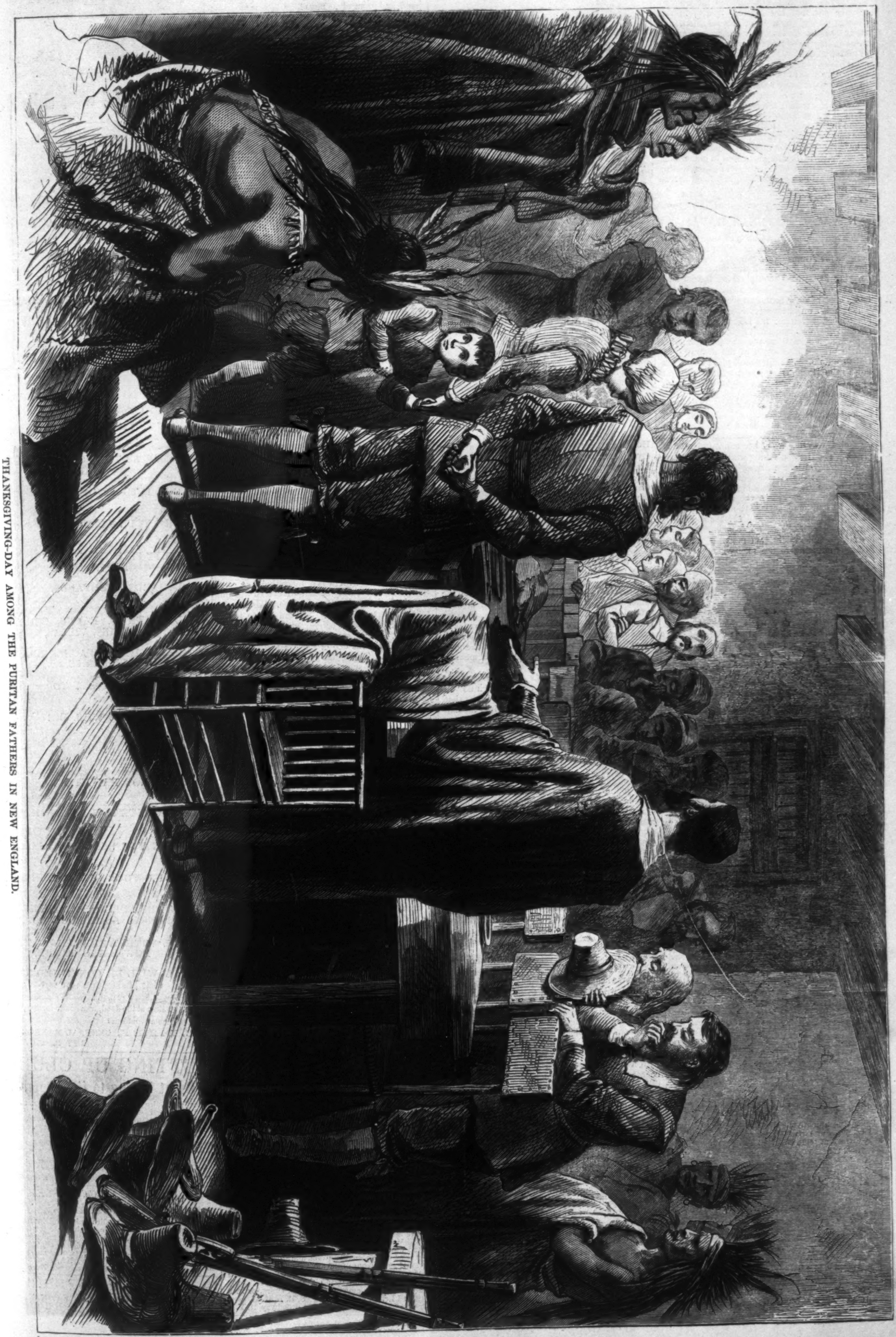
The "Boss" out – Feet.



DUEL BETWEEN THE PRUSSIAN GUN-BOAT "METEOR" AND THE FRENCH GUN-BOAT "BOUVET," OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 782.]



PRUSSIANS TAPPING FRENCH TELEGRAPH WIRES.—[SEE PAGE 782.]



THANKSGIVING-DAY AMONG THE PURITAN FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

TAPPING THE WIRES.

Tapping the telegraph wires in the enemy's country was first reduced to a system in this country during the war of the rebellion, and many are the stories told of hazardous adventures undergone by raiders and operators in quest of military intelligence by this means. The Prussians have not neglected this important branch of modern warfare in their French campaign, going to work in a severely scientific and business-like way. When Paris was invested subterranean lines of wires were discovered and cut, as depicted in the illustration on page 780; some were found in the cellars of Meudon, but no doubt before they were destroyed they were made to furnish a budget of news for the information of the investing army. Sending messages in cipher is at present the most effective way of counteracting these proceedings, and even ciphers may be read with patience and ingenuity.

NAVAL DUEL NEAR HAVANA.

We are indebted to a Cuban correspondent for the spirited sketch on page 780 of the engagement between the Prussian war steamer *Meteor*, carrying three guns, and the French war steamer *Bouvet*, carrying five, which took place off the port of Havana on the 9th of November. The *Meteor* had a crew of sixty men, and the *Bouvet* eighty. The Spanish war steamer *Hernando Cortès*, having on board General De Rodas, the Captain-General of Cuba, who acted as umpire, and other prominent officials, went out to see a fair fight, and to prevent a violation of the neutrality of Cuban waters. The fight took place about ten miles from Havana; and as it was in full sight of that port, the neighboring heights were crowded with thousands of interested spectators.

The *Bouvet* opened the contest by firing five shots, which the *Meteor* promptly returned. The *Bouvet* then attempted to board the *Meteor*. In this she was unsuccessful. Her rigging became entangled, carrying away her main and mizzen masts. The rigging, falling with the masts, became entangled in the *Meteor's* screw. At the same moment the *Meteor* sent a shell into the inside of the *Bouvet*, smashing her steam pipe. The *Meteor*, by reason of the disabling of her screw, became unmanageable; and the *Bouvet*, finding the quarters hot, and capture certain if she waited until the *Meteor* could disentangle herself, set sail rapidly, and made for port, the *Meteor* continuing to fire meanwhile. With a fair wind the *Bouvet* was enabled to cross into Spanish water before the *Meteor* could disentangle her screw. At this time the *Hernando Cortès* fired a gun, as a signal that the combat had closed. Both fought bravely.

The victory was accorded the *Meteor*, though both vessels were very badly damaged. The Germans had three killed and one wounded; on board the Frenchman there were three wounded and one killed. Both vessels returned to Havana after the fight, and another engagement is to come off as soon as they have completed repairing.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"On the 14th of February, 1854, my husband made me a present of a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. For nearly fifteen years it has done its work (hundreds—yes, thousands of dollars' worth), and is this day as perfect a sewer as when I first got it. It has never been the least out of repair. During the war I kept *one* needle in constant use, and I have more than half the original dozen of needles given with the machine on its purchase." —— ——.

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use Brown's Bronchial Troches.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOSEY'S STANDARD OPERAS for VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE. Edited by Arthur Sullivan. The complete series, unabridged, with Italian and English words. Price One Dollar each. The Operas will be printed from new type on the finest paper, large 8vo, in volumes containing 200 to 270 pages each. They will appear fortnightly, commencing in the following order:

Nov. 1. DON JUAN (now ready).
" 15. FIDELIO, with the four Overtures.
Dec. 1. IL BARBIERE.
" 15. LA SONNAMBULA.
Jan. 1. MARTHA.
" 15. IL TROVATORE.

Subscribers' names will be received by all Music-sellers and Booksellers in the States, or by the Publishers, BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond Street, New York.

$10 made from 50c.!

Something urgently needed by every body. Call and examine, or 12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents that retail easily for Ten Dollars.
R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Burnett's Cocoaine
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
HAIR DRESSING in the World.

RENEW NOW.—THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3, and either of Harper's, $4, sent a year for $5, by
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

$10 to $25.—Genuine Oroide-Gold Watches. Address John Foggan, M'f'r, 79 Nassau St., N.Y.

HELMBOLD.

HE APPEARS IN A NEW ROLE.

NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

The Most Enterprising and Largest Advertiser of the Age.

The famous Dr. H. T. Helmbold, of 594 Broadway, New York, who is universally regarded as the most sagacious, enterprising, and successful business man of the age, has recently been brought before the public in a new attitude—that of a candidate for the Presidency.

The following rapid and graphic sketch of this remarkable man can not fail to be read with interest, and might be studied with profit by men who could make a fortune had they half of Helmbold's pluck, tact, and spirit:

PEN PICTURE OF HELMBOLD.

Beyond doubt, the greatest advertiser in the United States, if not in the known world, to-day, is H. T. Helmbold, the millionaire druggist of New York, whose name, through the medium of the press, has become a household word in every township in the United States.

As the public is always more or less interested in men who have, by dint of energy, enterprise, boldness, and honorable dealings, risen from ordinary to extraordinary positions in life, a pen picture of this most successful merchant and accomplished gentleman may not be uninteresting. If you have time, come with us a few moments, while we introduce you to the man who has made himself very wealthy through the medium of the press, and by the discovery of a remedial agent for certain diseases somewhat prevalent in America.

Leaving our office, in New York, on Printing-House Square, where the busy hum of machinery is heard night and day, about half-past two in the afternoon we leisurely saunter up Broadway, that great artery of life, till we have passed Canal Street, on our way to Grace Church. On the right-hand side as we are going up, a beautiful drug-store attracts our attention. Of course we will stop for a moment and look at it, for on all the American continent there is not another like it. Beautiful, filled with every thing to please the eye, arranged by the hand of taste and genius, the store is a model in every respect. It is wide, nearly three hundred feet deep, and filled with the choicest articles pharmacy can demand. As others are constantly entering, we will do the same. Come with us, from the front door back toward the centre of the establishment, in what is called the "parlor," leaving those who wish to make purchases by the counters, where they can be waited upon, for we are looking for the man who in a few years has erected this monument to enterprise, liberality, and well-doing.

It is nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. "Which one is Helmbold?" "Which do you think?" It is not that tall man. It is not that portly man. Nor is it that earnest, iron-looking man who is poring over the ledgers and private cash-book. "Well, which is the one?" It is that little fellow, about five feet six inches in height, dark-brown hair, heavy eyebrows, full whiskers, cut rather close, dressed as if just taken from a bandbox. It is that man who is fitting on an elegant pair of kid gloves, but, while doing so, is continually walking about from this desk to that one, from this man to that one; giving an order to that, a word of encouragement to this man or that one; looking with an eye quick as a cat on every thing going on from one end of the establishment to the other.

In dress he is faultless. A first-class business suit, the whitest of shirts, elegant wristbands, hair neither too smooth nor too rough—the dress, in all respects, indicating a business man of taste, wealth, and prominence. He walks to this man on the right, looks over his shoulder at some work he is doing, nods approvingly; then to his cash-book, makes a few inquiries, says that is right; then asks the cashier of the concern one or two questions, nods approvingly; takes in the entire store at a glance; says very politely to those in charge, "Good-day, gentlemen!" He passes out, nods to the acquaintances, shakes hands with that one, and, with a kind word to all, passes out to his private carriage, waiting before the door, and, if the weather is pleasant, with one or two friends is off for a drive through Central Park, and up the Bloomingdale Road, behind his elegant horses. Few men in New York drive so fine a team as does Helmbold. From three o'clock until six, with a friend or two from different parts of the country, he is on the road, as are thousands of other business men of the great city, gathering health, fresh air, and strength for the morrow. At six o'clock we find him at his elegant residence on Fourteenth Street, ready for dinner. And there is always at his well-furnished table two or three extra plates and extra chairs for such friends as he may invite to his house; for Helmbold believes that it is not good for a man to eat alone. And though he has at his house one of the most beautiful women of the land for a wife, and a family of three little children, he still delights in extending the most generous hospitality to those who are always welcome when invited.

Helmbold lives well. This we know, for often have we dined from his well-filled table, laughed at his jokes, and listened to his experiences in life.

As a business man, Helmbold is a success. As a merchant, he is a prominence. As a druggist, he is equal to cut glass. As a sharp, shrewd, enterprising man of the world, he is nothing short of enthusiasm. While as a bold operator and advertiser, he has no equals in the country. He does business on a large scale. Lives like a prince. Pays his advertising bills with a liberal hand, and promptly. Pays large salaries to those in his employ, and aims apparently, not so much to accumulate money as to spend it for the benefit of printers. His expenses for advertising are nearly half a million of dollars per year; a one or ten thousand dollar order to some newspaper is nothing for him, providing the paper is of sufficient importance for him to use. In the evening you will find him and his wife, and perhaps one or two friends, occupying a private box or reserved seats at one of the operas or theatres; or at home, if the weather is unpleasant, or at the home of some of his friends, the business men of New York.

When seven o'clock in the morning comes, you inquire for Helmbold, and you will find that he is down town. He must have read something about the early bird catching the worm, for certainly we know no earlier bird among the business men of New York than this same little druggist. His beautiful palace of a store is kept open day and night for the accommodation of the public; and early in the morning, before the rest of the family are up, Helmbold has walked to his store, looked over the establishment, gained an appetite for breakfast, and returned. Breakfast over, the morning papers looked at, a romp with his family, the carriage is brought to the door, and down he goes to his place of business, reaching there at ten o'clock, and from that time till three in the afternoon he is most industriously engaged dictating answers to hundreds of letters, giving orders about his business, forming the acquaintance of strangers, chatting with friends who drop in for a moment, and comporting himself with the air of a man with all the business on hand he can possibly attend to.

Helmbold is a nervous, quick, restless, ambitious man. He understands the art of advertising to perfection. He believes with us that money judiciously expended in printers' ink brings a larger return than any other investment.

An idea comes to him one minute and is acted on the next. What he does he does quickly and thoroughly.

While other men would be canvassing, debating, or arguing the propriety of doing this or that, he has accepted or rejected the proposition almost before it is made to him. He acts at once and with energy. A little hint you may drop he will seize and magnify to something of importance. Some little idea that another man would have no faith in, or think unworthy of thought, he will seize, turn to advantage, and make thousands of dollars therefrom.

He began life with little or no capital, but, confident that the remedy he had discovered was the best, he had the pluck to advertise. His success tells the rest. His sales now amount to about three million bottles per year, and are rapidly increasing. The opening of his palatial drug-store in New York was one of the greatest events of the season. Thousands of persons attended to partake of the sumptuous repast furnished free upon the occasion, and all were delighted.

Among the presents to those who came were one thousand bottles of cologne distributed to the ladies. This of itself shows that Helmbold is a very *scents*-ible man.

To see him on the street or in the store, you would imagine him the confidential clerk of the proprietor; but when you come to talk business, make plans and suggestions, you will find that the seeming confidential clerk is the head of the house, and what he does not understand about business and about advertising is hardly worth learning.

Some time, when in New York, if you want to see a man who is making a success of business, and making himself wealthy by using printers' ink, walk by his drug-store, drop in, and ask for H. T. Helmbold, and tell him you came, out of curiosity, to look at one of the smallest business men in New York, who is at the same time one of the greatest. If he should look just a little annoyed at the interruption, tell him that we sent you, and in all probability he will ask you to the soda fountain, order a glass of tonic, bid you call again, and you will go on your way rejoicing, satisfied that Helmbold, the millionaire druggist of New York, is about as good a fellow as they make.—[*Exchange.*]

GREAT MEN, LIVING AND DEAD, are pictured and described in the December No. Phrenological Journal. Here are General Trochu, of France; the late General R. E. Lee, of Va.; L. A. Thiers, the French Statesman; Benjamin Franklin, the Philosopher; Rev. Geo. Trask, the Reformer, and others. Articles on The Physician, his Office and Qualifications; Eminent Oculists; Physical Education; Woman's True Greatness; Yale Sketches; Watch-Making in America; Ethnology; The Igorrolas; Savages, their Moral and Social Condition; Sketch of California Excursionists; Visit to Salt Lake City: Brigham Young's Residence, The Temple, The City and its Surroundings, City Government, Principal Buildings, Orchards and Fruit Growing, Geology of Salt Lake, Wonderful Mineral Resources, Rich Ledges, Lodes, &c.; Our National Beverage; Spiritualism; Wanted, Young Men; Yankee Apples, a Poem; The College Widow; A Picket Duel, an Incident of the War; My Mother; Struck by Lightning; Let Us Have Peace; A Merry Christmas; Valedictory; Literary Notices, Miscellany, &c. A rich and valuable Number, which closes the volume. 30 cents, or $3 a year. Subscriptions are now in order.

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$60 A WEEK paid Agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

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WHAT $5 WILL DO!

Alphabet FOR THE People.

A GREAT PREMIUM LAND SALE.
B SURE and TAKE ADVANTAGE of IT.
COUNTRY HOMES, FARMS, VILLA SITES, &c.,
DISTRIBUTED among Shareholders.
EVERY ONE REMITTING $5 becomes A SHAREHOLDER.
FOR EVERY SHARE YOU RECEIVE A PREMIUM.
GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR
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JUST THE PLACE TO AVOID LUNG AND THROAT DISEASES—
KNOWN AS THE SOUTHERN SARATOGA.
LOOK INTO THE MATTER.
MAKE YOUR FORTUNE.
NINETY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PREMIUMS!
ORCHARDS, VINEYARDS,
PLANTATIONS, FARMS, COUNTRY HOMES, VILLAS,
QUANTITIES of PEACHES, GRAPES, STRAWBERRIES, &c., &c.
RARE OPPORTUNITY TO
SEE WHAT $5 WILL DO!
TRY IT;
U WILL NOT REGRET IT.
VILLA SITES, COUNTRY HOMES, FORTUNES,
WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.
XERCISE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT.
YOU ARE SURE to get A PREMIUM OR PRIZE. AS A PROOF, SEE THE
ZEAL WITH WHICH SHARES ARE NOW BEING TAKEN,
& YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT what Shakespeare says is true:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," &c.

For particulars, address
J. C. DERBY, GENERAL MANAGER,
177 BROADWAY.

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Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

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Indorsed by the best medical minds of Europe and America as the only harmless substitute for Opium, Morphine, Laudanum, and all other poisonous narcotics used for producing sleep. Price 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Send for Circular containing medical indorsements. T. DE WITT KAVANA, Proprietor,
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HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash*, or will take from $4 to $20 monthly until paid.

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A large quarto sheet, containing fifty-six columns filled with News from all parts of the World, choice original and selected Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, and Humor. Besides this, every number contains a Young Folks' Department, an Agricultural Department, a Religious Department, and a Commercial Department, all prepared expressly for the BLADE, rendering it **the most complete and perfect Family Newspaper** published any where.

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These inimitable Letters are written expressly for the BLADE, and will be continued in its columns during the year. Oppression, wrong, and corruption, wherever found, are exposed by the trenchant pen of the great humorist. "The NASBY Letters," says a distinguished statesman, "have done more toward the correction of some of the greatest evils in our government, and the spread of sound political principles among the people, than all the speeches politicians ever made."

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The first week in March, 1871, we will commence the publication of a charming original story, written expressly for the BLADE, by one of the most popular writers in the country. The high reputation of the author warrants us in promising our readers a story of surpassing beauty and interest. Other stories by distinguished writers will be published during the year.

Remember that the BLADE is a truly **National Newspaper**—not a paper for either the East, the West, the North, or the South alone, but for **The Whole Country.**

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SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for a copy, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends, at different Post-Offices, to whom we will send copies *free and postage paid.* Address

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(THE BEST)
Flavoring Extracts.

"Your superior Flavoring Extracts are strictly "'Standard,' uniform in quality, and give entire sat-"isfaction to our customers."

PARK & TILFORD,
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"Growing in favor."

ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT,
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2, 5, and 10 oz., Pint, and Quart sizes for sale by all first-class Grocers in the United States and Canada.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Sole Proprietors,
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LATEST IMPORTED TRICK NOVELTIES.—Magic Money Box, $1 00; Magic Imp Bottle, $1 00; Magic Cannon, $1 00; Magic Cigar Case, $3 00; Magic Two-Cent Box, $1 50; The Three Magic Babies, $2 00; Magic Wedding-Rings, $1 50; Magic Money Till, $1 50; Magic Bag and Egg, $1 50; Magic Invisible Finger, $1 00; Magic Barrel, $1 50; Comical Donkey, $1 00; Magic Photographs, 5 assorted packages, $1 00. Full directions sent with each trick. Good Books; 500 Puzzles, 40 cts.; Fireside Games, 40 cts.; Tableaux, 40 cts.; Dialogues, 40 cts.; Comic Speeches, 40 cts.; 1400 Conundrums, 40 cts.; Fortune-Teller, 25 cts.; Courtship Made Easy, 25 cts.; Bridal Etiquette, 25 cts.; Correct Letter Writer, 25 cts.; True Marriage Guide, 50 cts.; How to Win a Sweet-heart or Lover, 40 cts.; Correct Etiquette, 25 cts.; Book of Jokes, 25 cts. Books and Tricks sent by mail, postage paid, by

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$30 PER WEEK.—Agents wanted in every town. Samples free. C. W. DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y.

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Overcoats, $6.
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RULES FOR SELF-MEASURE, Samples of Goods, Price-List, and Fashion Sheet SENT FREE on application.

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Winter Suits, $20.
Winter Suits, $30.
Winter Suits, $40.
Winter Suits, $50.
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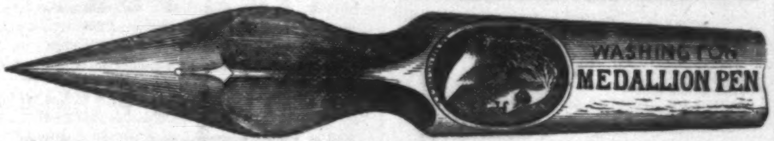
Boys' Suits, $18.



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THE GREAT EUROPEAN
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And have authorized them to sell their great EUREKA ALUMINUM-GOLD WATCHES for THREE DOLLARS, and to warrant each and every one to keep correct time for one year. This Watch we guarantee to be the best and cheapest time-keeper that is now in use in any part of the globe. The works are in double cases, Lady's and Gent's size, and are beautifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It has the *exact color of Gold*, which *it always retains;* it will stand the test of the strongest acids; no one can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all made by machinery, the same as the well-known American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a small box and send it by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of $3 50; fifty cents for packing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch. Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order or in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and communications to

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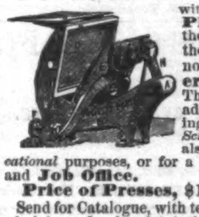

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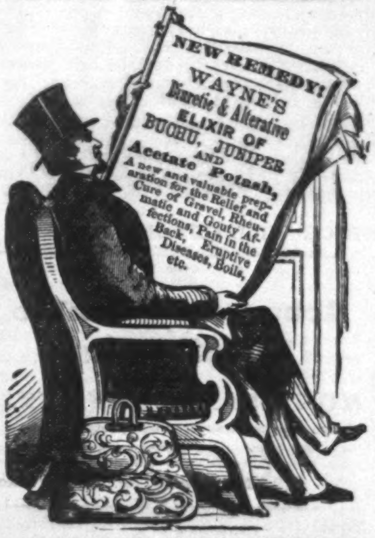
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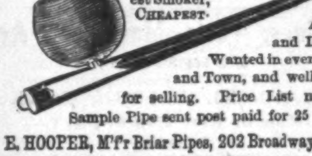

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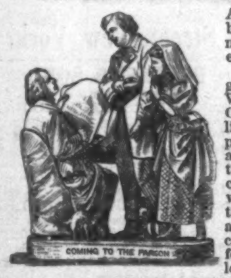

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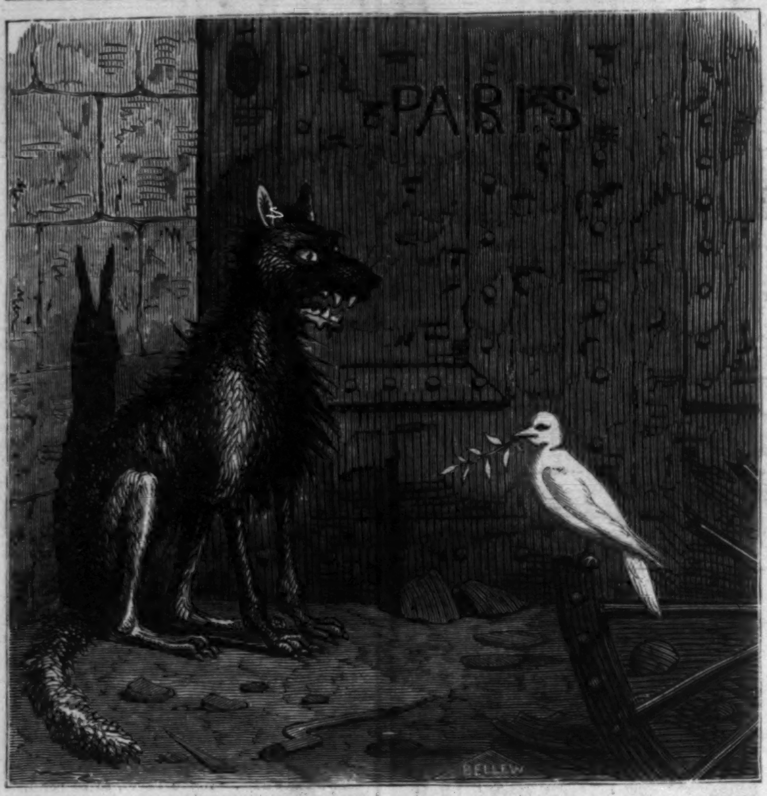

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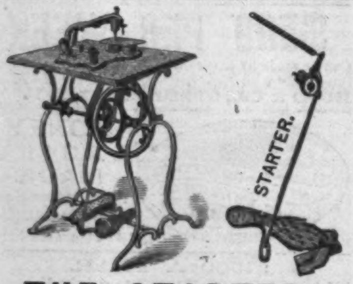

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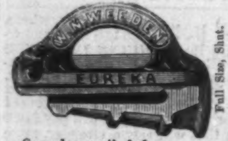

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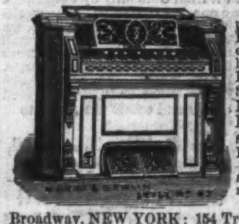

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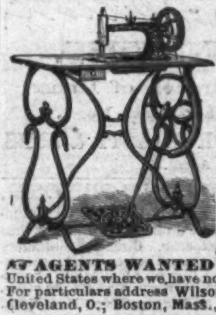

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CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY,
OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,
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Yours truly,
GEO. L. DUNLAP.

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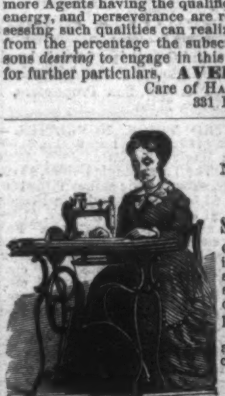

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Link-Motion,
Lock-Stitch
SEWING MACHINE

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Printer Manuf'g Co., 14 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To accompany Vol. XIV., No. 727.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1870. [*Gratuitous.*

"THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH."

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

All her corn-fields rippled in the sunshine,
All her lovely vines, sweets-laden, bowed;
Yet some weeks to harvest and to vintage:
When, as one man's hand, a cloud
Rose and spread, and, blackening, burst asunder
In rain and fire and thunder.

Is there naught to reap in the day of harvest?
Hath the vine in her day no fruit to yield?
Yea, men tread the press, but not for sweetness,
And they reap a red crop from the field.
Build barns, ye reapers, garner all aright,
Though your souls be called to-night.

A cry of tears goes up from blackened homesteads,
A cry of blood goes up from reeking earth:
Tears and blood have a cry that pierces Heaven
Through all its Hallelujah swells of mirth;
God hears their cry, and though He tarry, yet
He doth not forget.

Mournful Mother, sitting in the dust weeping,
Who shall comfort thee for those who are not?
As thou didst, these do to thee; and heap the measure,
And heat the furnace sevenfold hot:
As thou once, now these to thee—who pitieth thee
From sea to sea?

O thou King, terrible in strength, and building
Thy strong future on thy past!
Though he drink the last, the King of Sheshach,
Yet he shall drink at the last.
Art thou greater than great Babylon,
Which lies overthrown?

Take heed, ye unwise among the people;
O ye fools, when will ye understand:
He that planted the ear shall He not hear,
Nor He smite who formed the hand?
"Vengeance is Mine, is Mine," thus saith the Lord:
O Man, put up thy sword.

INSPECTING A BATTERY.

The illustration on the second page of this Supplement shows General Trochu inspecting a powerful battery erected on the summit of the Butte Montmartre, which commands a wide sweep of country to the north of Paris. The gunners here are sailors; the sentinels belong to the National Guard. The distant view looks toward Argenteuil, Montmorency, and St. Denis. The railway to Calais and Boulogne is shown beneath on the right hand, and part of the cemetery of Montmartre lies close under the hill to the left.

REVIEWING TROOPS IN PARIS.

The scene depicted in the illustration on the third page of this Supplement, showing the members of the provisional government reviewing the National Guard, took place immediately after the insane attempt of M. Flourens, at the head of the Red Republicans, to overthrow the government, and install himself and his friends as leaders. The steadiness of the National Guard, fortunately for Paris, prevented the accomplishment of this rash design, and saved the city from the horrors of riot and anarchy. This took place on the 10th of October. A few days afterward the guards were reviewed, and publicly thanked for their promptitude and fidelity.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR TIME.

The carrier pigeon employed by the Parisians to convey intelligence to other cities during the present war is larger than the common pigeon, being usually about fifteen inches in length, and weighing from a pound to a pound and a half. The plumage is generally either dun-color or black. The pectoral muscles are very large, denoting a power of vigorous and long-continued flight. As to the instinct, or whatever it may be called, which leads a carrier pigeon to make such wondrous flights, naturalists seem to be pretty well agreed that it is made up of two elements—love of home and keenness of sight. Mr. Rennie, speaking of the pigeon's power of vision, says: "We have not a doubt that it is by the eye alone that the carrier pigeon performs those extraordinary aerial journeys which have from the earliest ages excited astonishment. We have frequently witnessed the experiment made with other pigeons of taking them to a distance from the dove-cot expressly to observe their manner of finding their way back; and we feel satisfied that their proceedings are uniformly the same. On being let go from the bag in which they have been carried in order to conceal the objects on the road they dart off on an irregular excursion, as if it were more to ascertain the reality of their freedom than to make an effort to return. When they find themselves at full liberty they direct their flight in circles round the spot whence they have been liberated, not only increasing the diameter of the circle at every round, but rising at the same time gradually higher. This is continued as long as the eye can discern the birds; and hence we conclude that it is also continued after we lose sight of them—a constantly increasing circle being made till they ascertain some known object enabling them to shape a direct course." A spiral directly the reverse in character is made by a pigeon let down from the car of a balloon; the bird drops perpendicularly for some distance, and then begins to wheel round in a descending spiral, increasing in diameter until some previously known object is descried by which the flight home may be regulated. Their vision is undoubtedly very keen. In their wild state, as seen in this country, they fly in amazingly large flocks over wide ranges of country, keeping high in the air, and flying with extended front, so as to enable them to survey hundreds of acres at once. They can descry a fertile field at a wonderful distance, and will descend with unerring accuracy to enjoy the meal of which they are in search.

Whatever may be said about the instinct that is at work, a good deal of training is necessary to make the pigeons trust-worthy in their flight. The Turks have paid much attention to this matter. When a young pigeon arrives at full strength of wing, it is hood-winked, or else put into a basket, and taken to a distance of half a mile or so from home; being set at liberty, it soars aloft, looks keenly around, selects a course, and flies home. It is then tried a mile, two miles, four, eight miles, until at length it will traverse the whole length or breadth of a kingdom. If the pigeon fail in the first journey or two, it is discarded as not being fitted for this kind of work. These Turkey pigeons were regularly used as media of communication in past years. Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," tells us that the Turkey Company's establishment at that city employed carrier pigeons to bring news from Scanderoon, the nearest Mediterranean port. When any of the Company's ships arrived there, the name of the ship, the hour of her arrival, and other particulars, were written on a slip of paper, and fastened under a pigeon's wing; and the bird, set loose, flew back to Aleppo (its home) in two and a half to three hours, the distance being about seventy miles. The pigeon's feet were dipped in vinegar to keep them cool, and to avoid the delay which would occur if the bird were tempted to descend at the sight of water. The best pigeons always had a brood of their own at Aleppo, and it was anxiety about the children that hurried the parents back. It was found that if the pigeons were kept at Scanderoon more than a fortnight, they could not be relied upon for returning to Aleppo; the thoughts of *dulce domum* faded and weakened. There are lofty hills between Scanderoon and Aleppo; the birds, instead of ascending gradually to the summit of those hills, used to dart up vertically to an amazing height, where they could look right over them.

There was a great deal of this kind of pigeon-expressing in old days. Some of the victors at the Olympian games were wont to send the good news to distant friends by pigeon-express. When Modena was besieged by the Romans, correspondence was maintained by pigeons between Decimus Brutus and Hirtius; and Pliny was so much struck with the plan that he said, "Of what avail are sentinels, circumvallations, or nets obstructing rivers, when intelligence can be conveyed by aerial messengers?" In later days, in the time of the Crusades, carrier pigeons were extensively employed. Instances are recorded in which birds sent out by the besieged were captured by the besiegers, and let loose again with a message calculated to deceive those to whom they were sent. Hawks were trained to the work of bringing down the pigeons without injuring them. This is one of the drawbacks to the use of such messengers when secrecy is intended. When the Christians were besieging Acre, Saladin, at a distance, for some time maintained communication with the besieged by means of carrier pigeons; but one day a winged messenger was shot down by an arrow, the message it conveyed was intercepted, and such use was made of the information as to secure the surrender of the place before Saladin could arrive with succor.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

A German correspondent writes from Nanteuil to the *Cologne Gazette:* "Women display in this war many examples of courage and self-possession. In many towns and villages the men have run away at the approach of the enemy, and the women have remained and protected their households. On recently inquiring my way of a married couple standing before their door at Villeneuve the man stared at me with open mouth, and on my repeating the question ran into the house. The woman was evidently ashamed when the soldiers standing near laughed at him, and stepped up to me. 'Thank you, madame, for your courtesy,' said I. 'The women have more courage than the men.' 'You are right, monsieur,' she replied, in a tone implying that this was a matter of course. Whenever one takes up quarters in houses the occupiers of which have not retreated the wife exercises the rule, and, of course, the tongue also. The husband either helplessly sticks his hands in his pockets, or treats the unbidden guest with awkward courtesy; whereas the wife, with innate tact, lets us see she wishes us somewhere else, but performs the duties of hostess with the utmost diligence, and even indulges in a smile to the guest if he is particularly amiable and modest. The people, moreover, have long perceived the difference between the German and the French soldiers. Only yesterday the landlady of an ordinary village inn begged me, with a sigh, to interpret for her what the soldiers up stairs were wanting. 'One ought not,' she said, 'to treat them ill, for our soldiers are much worse than yours, and nothing is safe from them.'"

THEATRICALS IN PARIS.

The *Gaulois* of the 27th of October records the reopening of the Comédie Française for the benefit of the sick and wounded in Paris. The theatre was completely crammed, and hundreds of persons were disappointed of obtaining admission. The performance differed from those ordinarily presented in that theatre by the circumstances that there was no shifting of scenes, and that the actors performed in private costume. These novelties were explained by M. E. Thierry, the director—the first as being necessitated by the destruction or removal of nearly all the scenery belonging to the theatre, and the second as being dictated by a scruple of delicacy in the melancholy circumstances in which the capital was placed. A kind of lecture was then given by M. Legouvé, which is described as tedious and dull; after which scenes from the "Misanthrope" and "Horace" were given by some of the actors belonging to the establishment. The performances terminated with the "Marseillaise," sung by Mademoiselle Agar. The net receipts amounted to 3000 francs. The *Gaulois* hopes this timid attempt may be followed by bolder measures, as, it says, "the theatre is a necessity for Frenchmen, and especially to Parisians."

CAPTURE OF A BALLOON.

A German correspondent relates the capture of a balloon from Paris in the neighborhood of Verdun. Some well-directed shots brought it down, and it was found to contain, besides numerous letters and newspapers, two Frenchmen and an Englishman. They were arrested, but will come to no harm, two of them being merchants, and their object having simply been to get out of Paris. For £120 a balloon was provided for them, and they had been making a rapid passage for three hours when their journey was arrested. They gave a gloomy description of the condition of Paris on the 27th, the day they left. Beef was not to be had, and good horse-flesh was three francs a pound. Mules' and asses' flesh were reckoned delicacies. The Parisians had no knowledge of recent events, such as the defeat of the army of the Loire, and the capture of Orleans. The old system of silence seems to be flourishing again under the new government.

A NEW WEAPON.

The German infantry have recently been armed with a new weapon, designed for mountainous and guerrilla warfare, which supersedes the light field-artillery. It is a small portable field-piece, weighing about thirty-five pounds, and was tested in the war of 1866. It can be carried by two men, and ten shots a minute can be fired with it. Its range is at least 2000 paces. Thousands have been distributed to the army, and they can be employed in places where field-artillery is impracticable.

THE PARIS HORSE-FLESH MARKET.

The necessities of the time have caused great activity in the horse-market of Paris. The great market was usually held on Wednesdays and Saturdays on the Boulevard d'Enfer, but since the commencement of the siege it has been decided that Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays shall be additional market-days for the sale of horses intended for slaughter. Upon these days the show of horses is now very large, and a government commission attends to examine the animals exposed for sale, and brands those which it deems fit for human food. The ordinary weight of a living horse is from 400 to 450 kilogrammes, and the selling value is from 40 to 50 centimes the kilogramme. On the 25th of October 700 horses were offered at the market, and 400 were slaughtered, most of the remainder having been retained by the government for remounts. Asses and mules are also sold in the market, and are in great demand. Young asses are eagerly sought for, and bring 75 centimes per kilogramme of the living animal.

WILLIAM THE VICTORIOUS.

The King of Bavaria, on being informed by telegraph by the King of Prussia of the fall of Metz, replied thus: "I hail with the deepest satisfaction the surrender of Metz, so important for the result of the war, and send you my best thanks for your friendly telegram. When posterity one day reviews the splendid successes which the German forces under your command have uninterruptedly gained, they will justly give you the name of William the Victorious."

A SAD MOMENT FOR A SOLDIER.

A German officer, writing from before Metz on the 26th of October, thus relates the opening of the negotiations for a surrender: "On the evening of the 24th a letter arrived at head-quarters from Bazaine, requesting an interview for General Changarnier on the morrow. Prince Frederick Charles granted this, and arranged that the General should be met by two orderlies near the outposts at 11 A.M. They, however, did not find him. The ground, two thousand paces in breadth, between our outposts and the enemy, was thronged with unarmed French people, who had come within one hundred steps of our lines in order to hunt for potatoes, grapes, and forage. This went on all the morning. The French took off their hats to our outposts, pointed to their stomachs, and made gestures indicative of hunger. Our soldiers then winked, the French began their task, and turned back when they had filled their sacks. The French had through this become so audacious that we were yesterday (25th) forced to drive them with sticks out of a village which they had occupied and would not vacate. As the General did not come, our orderlies took a flag of truce and went, surrounded by hundreds of unarmed enemies, up to the French trenches, where the guard received them. On their saying they expected the General, an approaching carriage was pointed out to them. Changarnier, a venerable man of about eighty, but tolerably active, begged that he might ride as far as possible, as he could not walk far. Our officers sent for the carriage, and it came so close up that the General had only to climb over a small trench. Changarnier is a republican, but offered his services to the Emperor after the battle of Wörth, and since the 8th of August had been in Metz, where he was attached to Bazaine without having any separate command. He was blindfolded, and on his arrival here was received by General Stiehle and conducted to the Prince. The interview lasted an hour and a half, and he was accompanied as far as the carriage. The General was heart-broken, and his last words were, 'We shall fall, but with honor. I wish, gentlemen, that neither you nor any brave soldier may ever experience this.' Thereupon a flood of tears streamed from his eyes. He was led back blindfolded past the outposts. There, the handkerchief being removed, he observed the potato-seekers, and delivered a eulogium on our soldiers. He added that he hoped the negotiations in the evening would lead to some result."

NAVIGABLE BALLOONS.

A French paper says that M. Dupuy de Lôme, the inventor and constructor of the French iron-clad fleet, has recently placed before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a scheme for the construction of navigable balloons. It says:

"He has applied to balloons the principles of aquatic navigation. We can not enter into technical details, nor into the calculations he gives. We shall only say that his balloon has an oval shape, with a rod projecting at each extremity, from which the car is hung by a rigging. At the back a triangular sail, managed by ropes, takes the place of a helm. The motive power is the screw, driven by human power. Four men are necessary to perform the work. The screw, instead of turning with an axis, turns rapidly round a fixed horizontal axis. The wings consist of ribs of wood covered with silk. In order to avoid loss of ballast in ascending and loss of gas in descending, M. Dupuy de Lôme has placed in the lower part of his balloon an apparatus resembling the bladder of a fish. It is a kind of bag into which a pump can compress air to increase the weight of the balloon, while a valve allows the same air to escape, and thus lighten the machine. It is possible by this apparatus to obtain a speed of from eight to eleven kilometres an hour. The direction taken by the balloon is the resultant of two forces, the wind and the motive power. If the wind blows from the south, instead of going due north the balloon may be directed either to the northeast or southwest, at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees, according to the force of the wind."

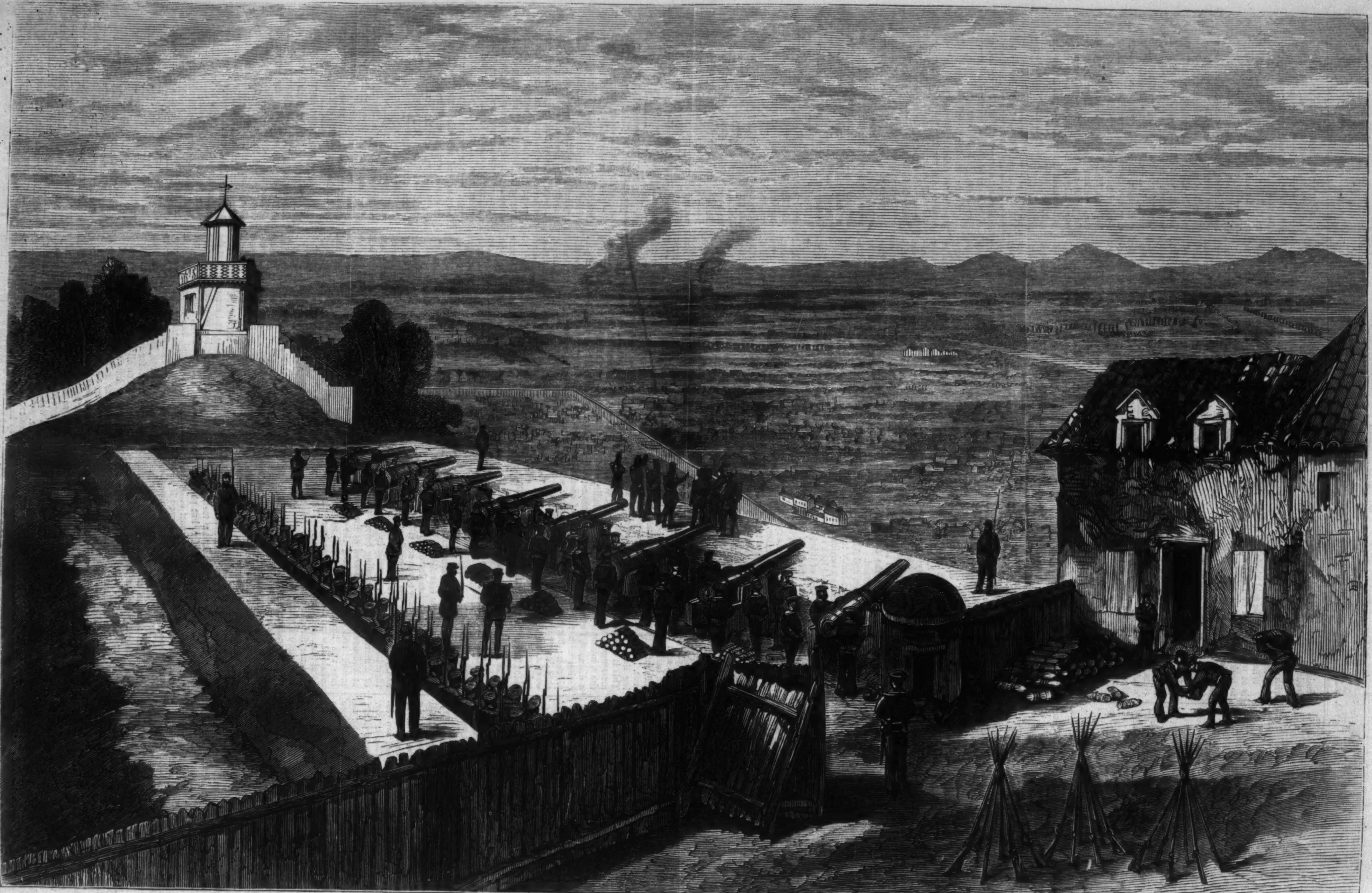
A DAY OF RECKONING COMING.

The semi-official *North German Correspondent* contains the following startling paragraph:

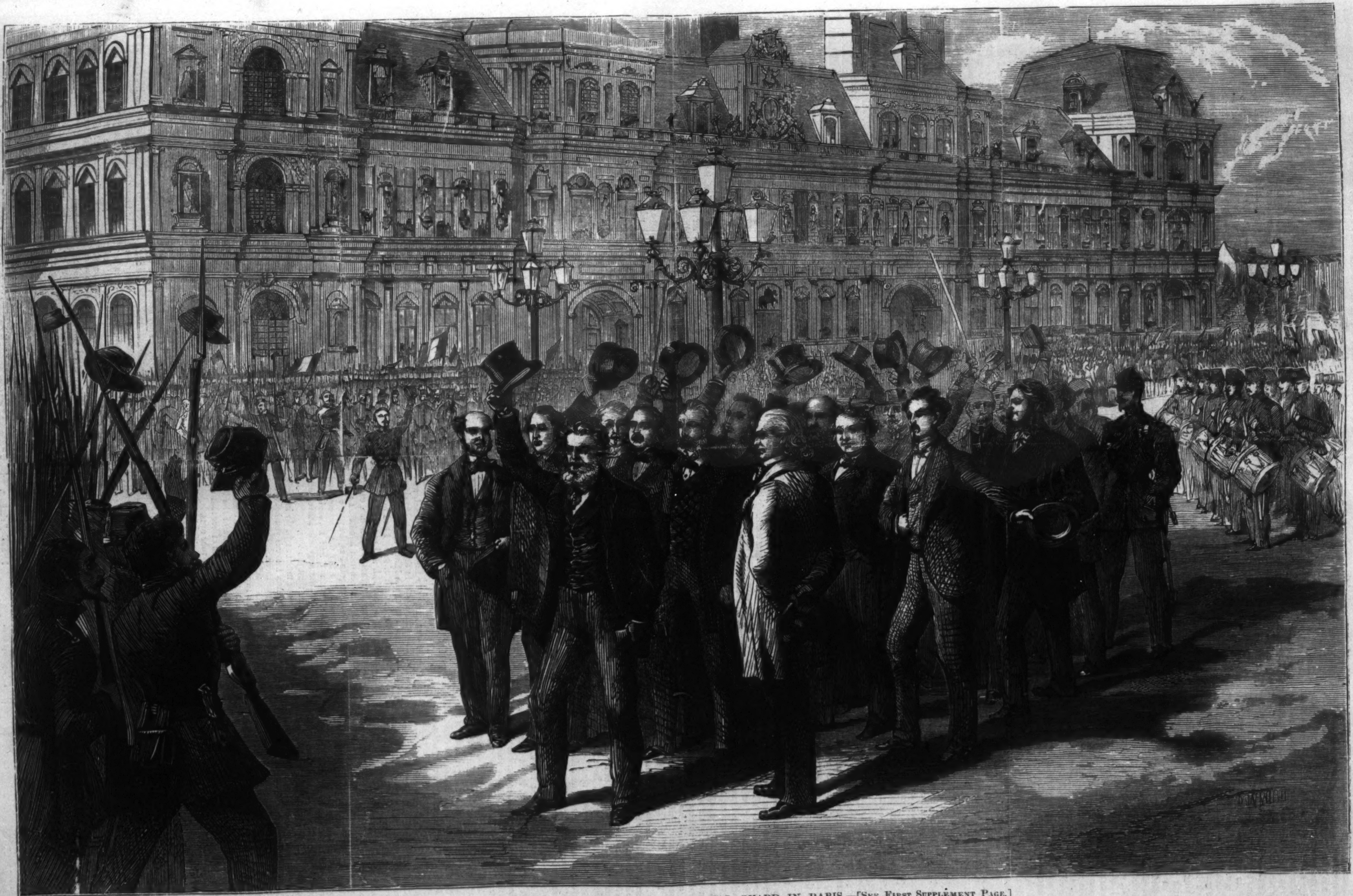
"The necessity and justice of making the authors of a war, and not, as hitherto, merely their subordinates and tools, responsible for their own acts before the world, have suggested the idea in governmental circles of stipulating as a condition of peace between France and Germany that the intellectual originators and instigators of the present war shall not escape with impunity. Among the responsible parties are included the entire executive which devised the invasion of Germany; the statesmen who approved it; the ministers by whom it was recommended; the orators who labored for, demanded, and welcomed it; the journalists whose constant text was war, and who discounted the triumphs of the coming campaign. The verdict of 'Guilty' or 'Not guilty,' and the penalty to be inflicted, would be left to a jury composed of citizens of neutral states, supposing those states to lend the plan their concurrence; or, in case of their refusal, the jurymen might be taken from the two belligerent nations themselves. The institution of an international jury for the punishment of peace-breakers is regarded in governmental circles as likely to furnish no unsatisfactory guarantee for the future peace of Europe."

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

A German writes thus from Nancy to the *Cologne Gazette:* "People appear very fanatical in this good town, although they put on a good outside, and the belief is that the whole of the Germans will find their grave before Paris. I thoughtlessly trusted my Prussian head to a hair-dresser, and allowed myself to be drawn by him into a political conversation. The man was a red-hot patriot, and ought to be in Gambetta's place at Tours. The danger of my situation compelled me to agree with him in every thing; but the more I concurred with him the more excited he became. 'All the officers who surrendered at Sedan are cowards,' he exclaimed. 'Undoubtedly,' I answered. 'Not one of them will venture to be seen again in his native country.' 'Of course not,' I admitted, while he was working with the shears on my head. 'Two hundred thousand brave men are under arms in Paris, who will all rather die than yield, and will annihilate all the Prussians.' Snip went the shears close to my ear, so that I shivered. I held my tongue. The man became still more violent. 'The whole nation will rise as one man to crush them.' Snip went the shears again over my ear. 'At least, don't cut my ears off,' I cried, in despair; and the fanatic then cooled down, and asked quietly whether we Prussians would not act just in the same manner."



GENERAL TROCHU INSPECTING A BATTERY.—[See Preceding Page.]



THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT REVIEWING THE NATIONAL GUARD IN PARIS.—[See First Supplement Page.]